

NO. 1 NOV. 18

CAPTAIN MARVEL JR.

A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

10¢



CAPTAIN MARVEL JR. SINKS THE JAPS!

GO GET THE MARVEL GANG

AMERICA'S FAVORITE COMICS HEROES IN AMERICA'S FAVORITE COMICS MAGAZINES



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Plus **WILLIE WYNN** invents the Bombproof shirt *And*
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An exciting short story **ONE RETURNED!**
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IT BEGAN ON A DAY WHEN FREDDY AND HIS GRANDFATHER, OUT FISHING, GAVE AID TO A DROWNING MAN THEY DID NOT KNOW WAS THE TERRIBLE **CAPTAIN NAZI**!!

EASY, ME BOY!
YOU'RE IN GOOD
HANDS NOW!



HERE'S THE TALE OF HOW POOR, CRIPPLED FREDDY, FREEMAN BECAME **Captain Marvel Junior...**
...MOST POWERFUL BOY IN THE WORLD!

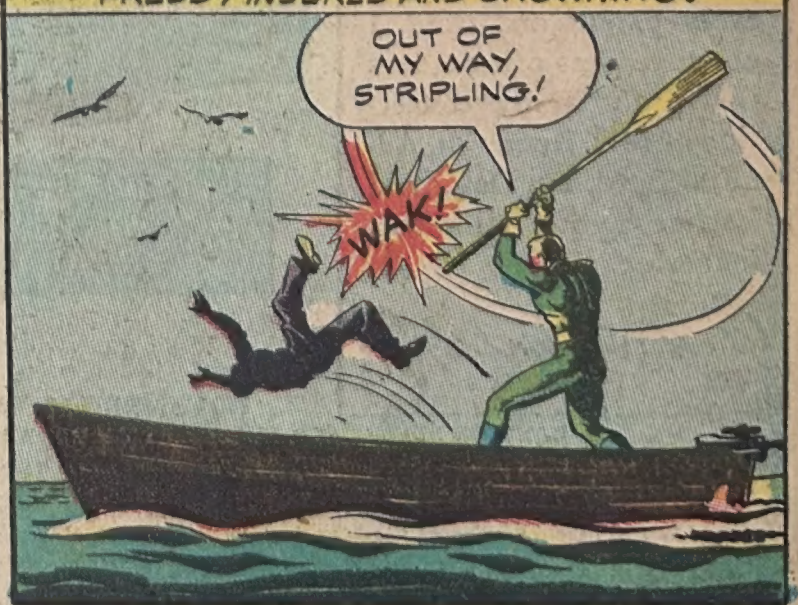
THUS I REPAY
YOUR SOFT-
HEARTEDNESS!

YOU KILLED
MY GRAMPA, YOU
MONSTER!



AND THEN CAPTAIN NAZI SAILED AWAY IN THE CAPTURED SKIFF, LEAVING FREDDY INJURED AND DROWNING!

OUT OF
MY WAY,
STRIPPLING!



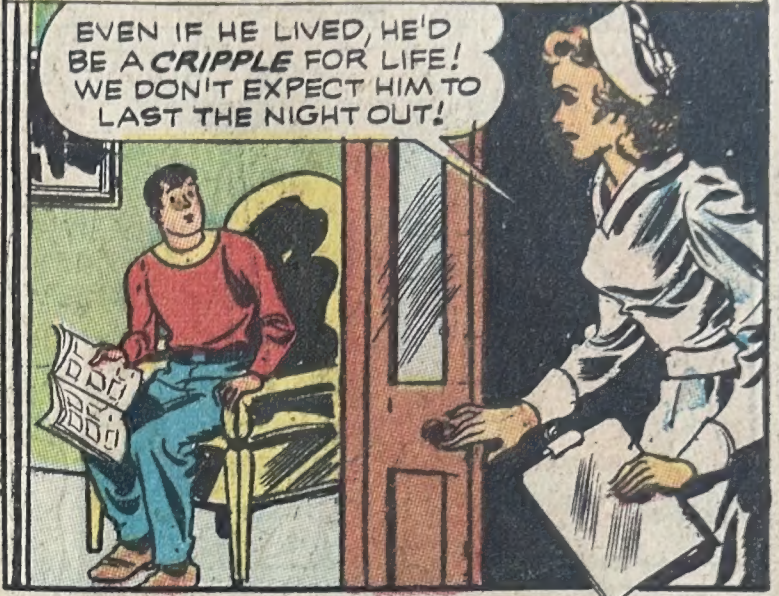
BUT HELP IS AT HAND--CAPTAIN MARVEL RESCUES FREDDY!

YOU'RE IN BAD SHAPE, YOUNGSTER...I'LL GET YOU TO A HOSPITAL!



LATER, CAPTAIN MARVEL APPEARS AS BILLY BATSON, HIS OTHER SELF...TO GET A REPORT...

EVEN IF HE LIVED, HE'D BE A CRIPPLE FOR LIFE! WE DON'T EXPECT HIM TO LAST THE NIGHT OUT!



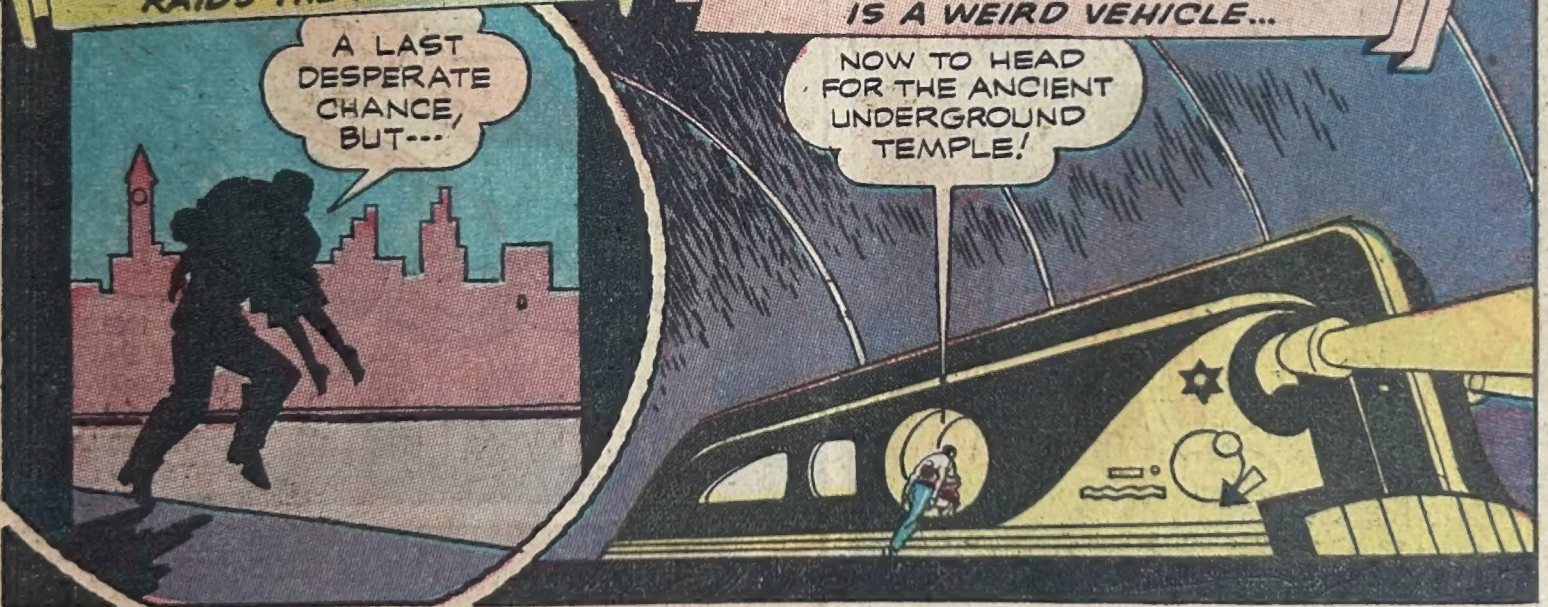
AND SO, AT MIDNIGHT, BILLY RAIDS THE HOSPITAL!

A LAST DESPERATE CHANCE, BUT---



DEEP IN A FORGOTTEN SUBWAY... KNOWN ONLY TO BILLY HIMSELF... IS A WEIRD VEHICLE...

NOW TO HEAD FOR THE ANCIENT UNDERGROUND TEMPLE!



THEY REACH A STRANGE HIDDEN CHAMBER, WHERE BILLY LIGHTS A LAMP...

WHO WAKENS OLD SHAZAM FROM HIS THOUSAND YEARS OF SLEEP?

I... BILLY BATSON! HELP THIS POOR DYING BOY...AS YOU ONCE HELPED ME!

I CANNOT CHANGE THE PAST... BUT YOU, AS CAPTAIN MARVEL... CAN PASS ON SOME OF YOUR POWER TO THIS POOR LAD! BILLY BATSON, SPEAK MY NAME!

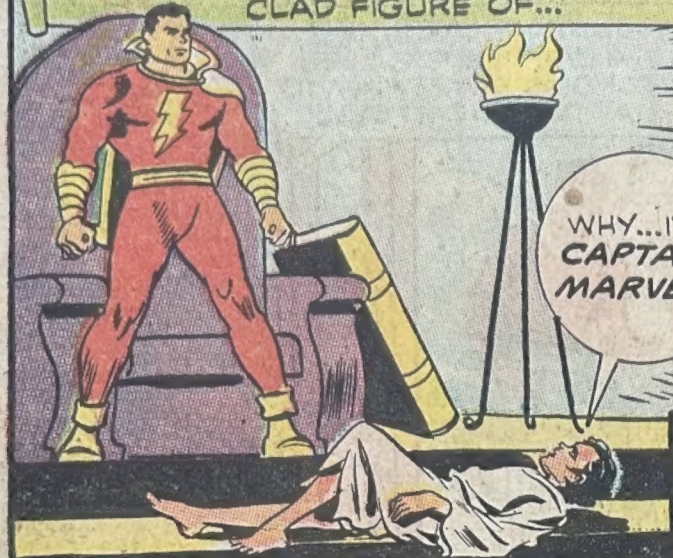
SHAZAM!



LIGHTNING FLARES IN THE UNDERGROUND CAVERN!



THE FORM OF THE SORCERER VANISHES...
AND AT THE WORD OF POWER, BILLY
BATSON TURNS INTO THE FAMILIAR RED-
CLAD FIGURE OF...



WHY...IT'S
**CAPTAIN
MARVEL!**

A GAIN A MIRACLE! AS THE WON-
DERING BOY MURMURS **CAPTAIN
MARVEL'S** NAME, ANOTHER FLASH
OF LIGHTNING... **AND...**

BOOM!

YOU HAVE ALL
THE POWERS I
HAVE! USE THEM
TO FIGHT **EVIL!**

I'M ALL WELL
AGAIN.... I'M
STRONG... LIKE
YOU!

THAT'S RIGHT!
YOU ARE
**CAPTAIN
MARVEL,
JUNIOR!**



AND DO I
CHANGE BACK
TO MY OWN
SHAPE, AS YOU
DO TO BILLY
BATSON?

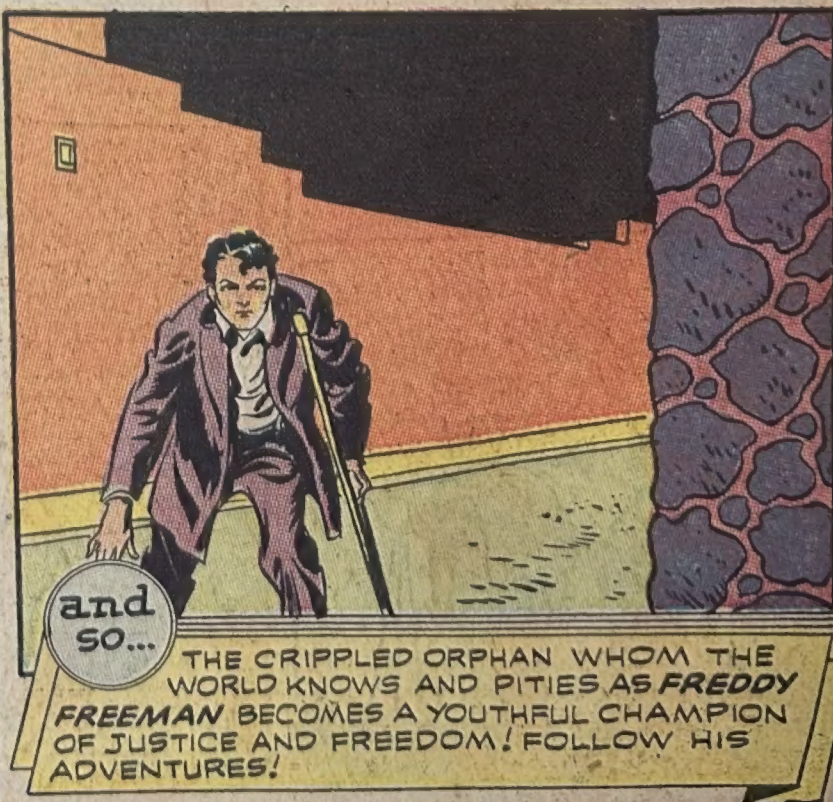
YES! WHENEVER
YOU NEED ME...
SPEAK MY NAME!
AS **CAPTAIN
MARVEL, JR.**--
YOU'LL BE ABLE
TO DO THE THINGS
I DO!

GOODBYE!
I'LL MAKE
YOU
**PROUD
OF ME!**



and
so...

THE CRIPPLED ORPHAN WHOM THE
WORLD KNOWS AND PITIES, AS **FREDDY
FREEMAN** BECOMES A YOUTHFUL CHAMPION
OF JUSTICE AND FREEDOM! FOLLOW HIS
ADVENTURES!



Capt. MARVEL JR.



**WINGS
OVER
DAZAGGAR !!**

THE MIGHTIEST MONSTER OF NAZI TYRANNY SEEKS TO WREAK HIS DREAD CRUELITIES ON A FABULOUS TOWN OF THE TROPICS--AND AGAINST HIM IS ARRAYED THE YOUTHFUL UPHOLDER OF DEMOCRACY'S BANNERS...

IT'S CAPTAIN NAZI AGAINST CAPTAIN MARVEL JR.!

THE CONQUEROR SETS HIS DEVASTATING TORCH OF WAR TO THE ANCIENT EASTERN PORT OF DAZAGGAR!



REMEMBER, CAPTAIN NAZI, FROM THAT POINT THE OCEAN MAY BE CROSSED AND THE WAR CARRIED TO AMERICA! YOU KNOW HOW!

TRUST ME, MY FUEHRER-- I DEPART AT ONCE!



WHILE IN LONDON, AT FREE FRENCH HEADQUARTERS...

MONSIEUR RENALD, YOU LIVED FOR YEARS AT DAZAGGAR! WE HEAR THAT THE GERMANS HAVE WORKED THROUGH FRENCH TRAITORS TO DELIVER THIS IMPORTANT STRONGHOLD TO HITLER! GO THERE SECRETLY... FIND OUT... AND STOP THEM!

YES... MY COLONEL!

I KNOW HIM! HE USED TO BE AN OFFICIAL AT DAZAGGAR-- WELL LIKED!

THEN OUR ORDERS ARE TO DESTROY HIM--LEST HE CAUSE TROUBLE TO OUR PLANS THERE!

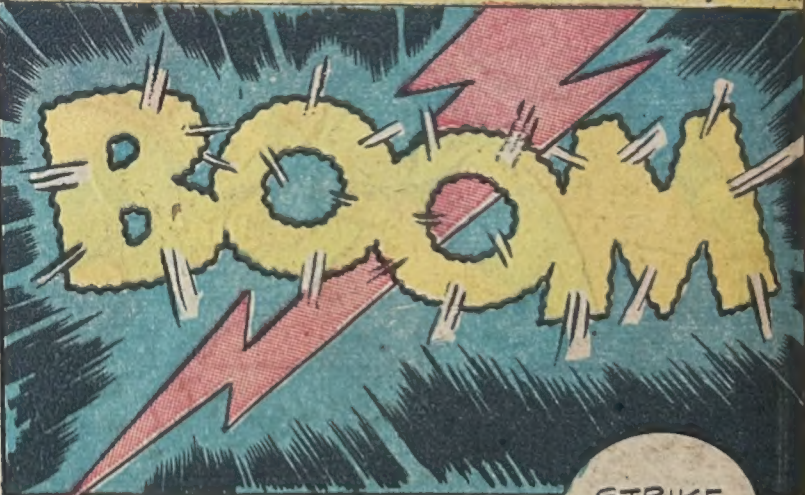
VIVE LA FRANCE

A RAGGED, CRIPPLED YOUTH IS THE ONLY WITNESS.....

PUT YOUR KNIFE INTO HIM!

CAPTAIN MARVEL!!

AS FREDDY FREEMAN PRONOUNCES THE NAME OF HIS GREAT HERO, LIGHTNING PIERCES THE DARKNESS, AND...



IT IS CAPTAIN MARVEL, JR. WHO HURLS HIMSELF AT THE SNEAKING ASSASSINS!

STRIKE AGAIN-- ACH!



**A STROKE AT THE NEWCOMER! BUT
AGAINST THE LAD'S IRON MUSCLES
THE STEEL SHIVERS LIKE CLAY!**

THAT BRINGS US
DOWN TO FISTS!

CRASH!

THANK
YOU... MON
AMI... BUT...
TOO LATE...

I WAS TO GO
TO DAZAGGAR...
WHERE GERMANY
PLANS SOME
SORT OF NEW
CAMPAIGN...
AHH-HH-HHHH...

HE'S DYING,
POOR
FELLOW!

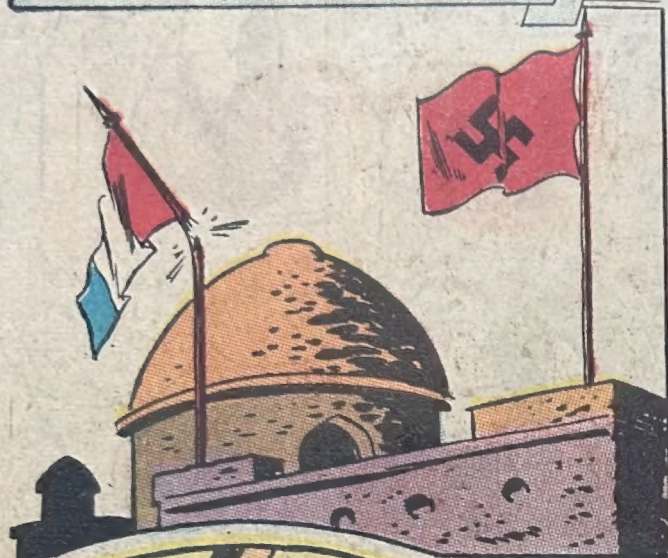
BUT HE PASSED
HIS ASSIGNMENT
ON TO ME! I WON'T
FAIL THE FORCES
OF DEMOCRACY!

**AWAY THROUGH THE NIGHT, OVER
LEAGUES OF LAND AND WATER,
HURTLES THE FORM OF CAPTAIN
MARVEL JR.!**

**AND... AS DAWN RISES OVER THE
WEST COAST OF AFRICA...**

THERE'S
DAZAGGAR!

DAZAGGAR, ONCE A PROUD POSSESSION OF FRANCE, HAS BEEN TAKEN OVER BY NAZI CONQUERORS...



OUR NEW MASTERS HOLD THEIR COMMAND POST IN THERE!

WHAT DO THEY PLAN FOR US-- FRESH INSULTS AND PUNISHMENTS?



ACH, THIS HEAT! QUICK, A DRINK!

IT WILL BE HOTTER FOR THE NATIVES ASSIGNED TO OUR NEW WORKS! SEE WHO'S AT THE DOOR, SLAVE!

RAP!
RAP!

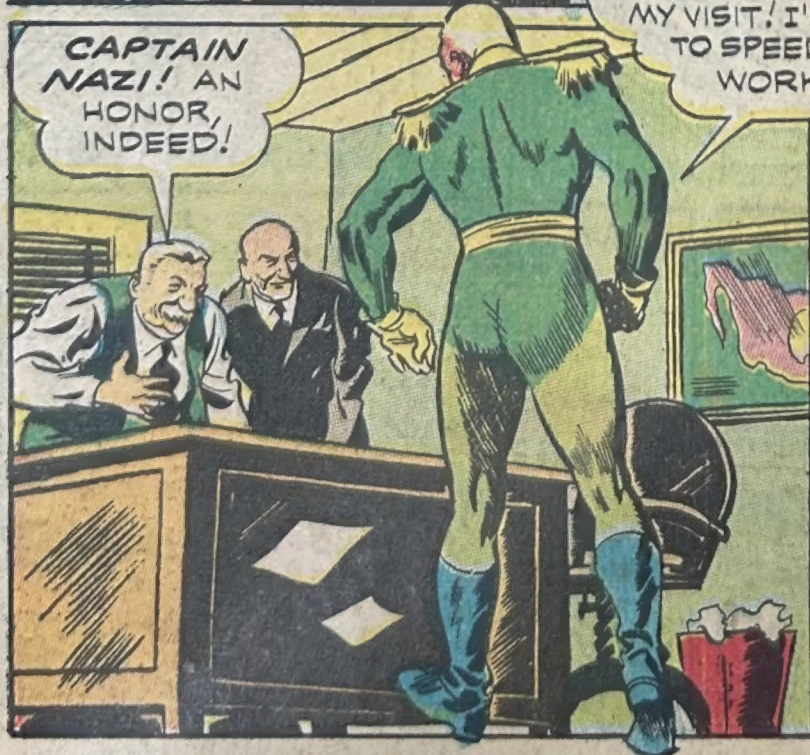


AS I THOUGHT! INEFFICIENCY... LAXNESS... SLOTH!!



YOU'LL GET SMALL PLEASURE OUT OF MY VISIT! I'M HERE TO SPEED UP WORK!

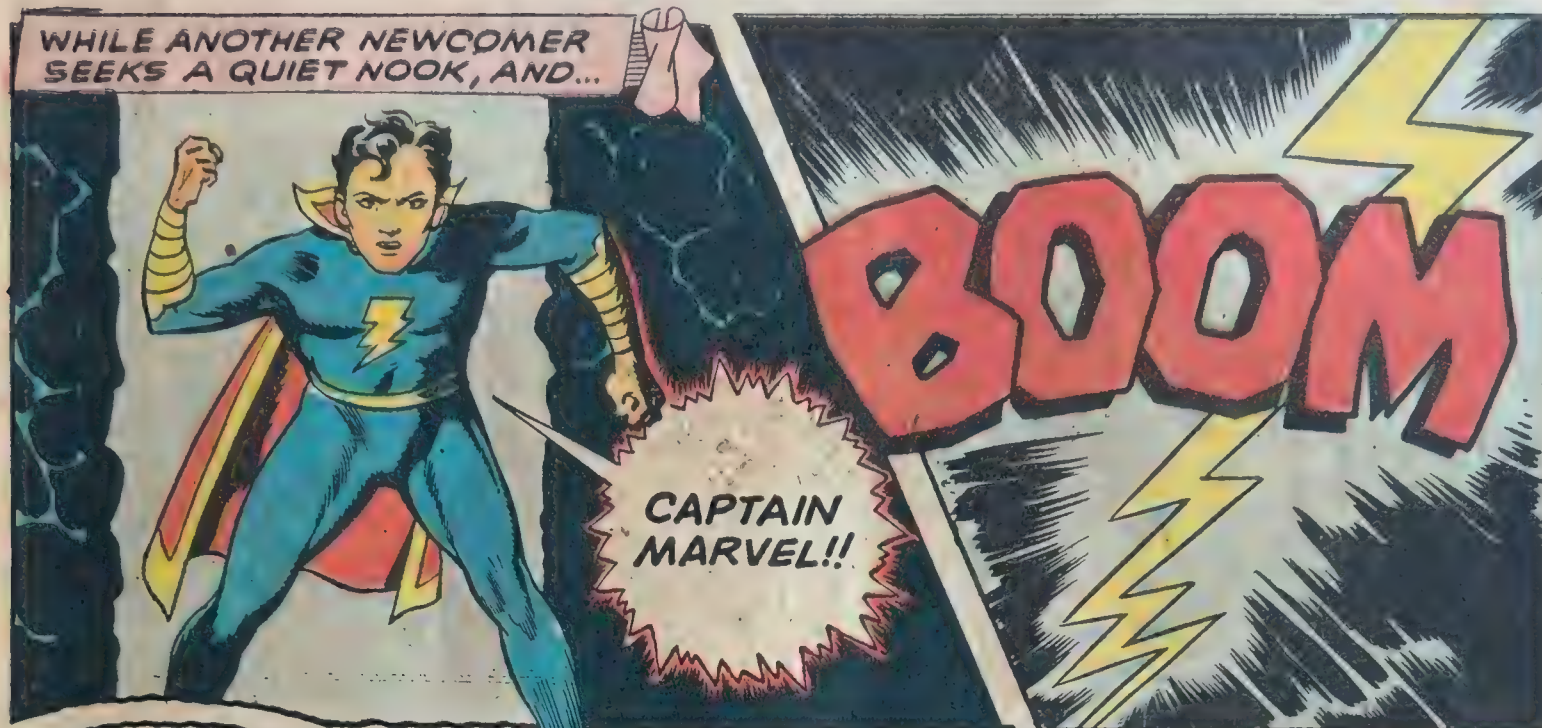
CAPTAIN NAZI! AN HONOR, INDEED!



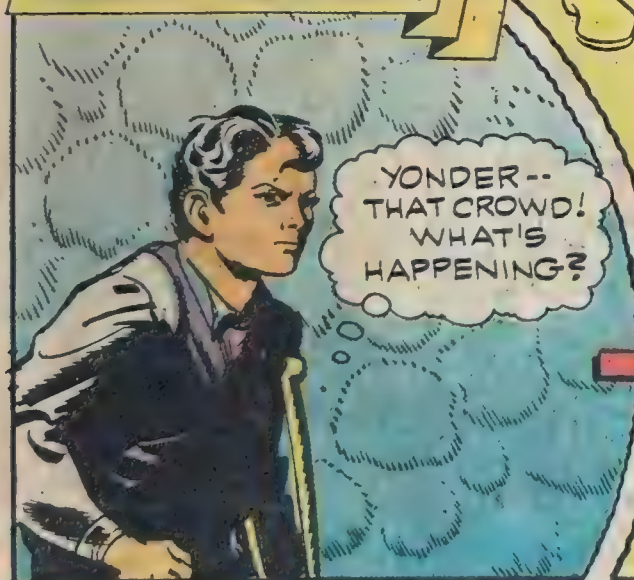
DOWN HERE-- AWAY FROM PRYING SPIES AND BOMBING SQUADRONS, WE SHALL DO THE WORK THAT BRINGS OUR FUEHRER VICTORY!



WHILE ANOTHER NEWCOMER
SEEKS A QUIET NOOK, AND...



BECOMES FREDDY
FREEMAN ONCE MORE!



WHAT'S THE
MEANING OF
THIS? WHAT
HAVE WE
DONE?

NOTHING YET,
YOU FRENCH
PIG! BUT YOU
ARE GOING TO
DO PLENTY--
OF HARD
LABOR!

STAND BACK,
YOU WOMEN
WE WANT
MEN ONLY!



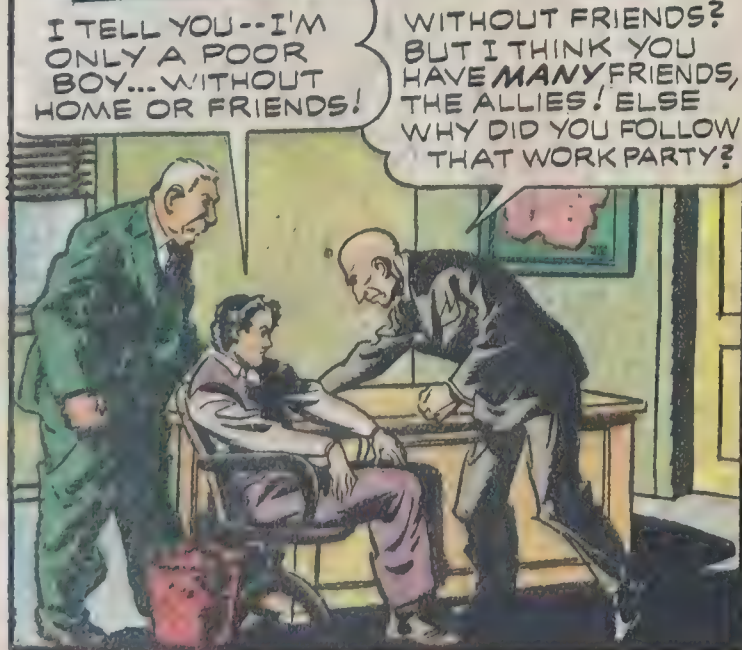


YOU'RE NO **GERMAN** BOY--I CAN SEE THAT! COME TO MY OFFICE!

NOT SO FAST! I CAN'T WALK VERY WELL!

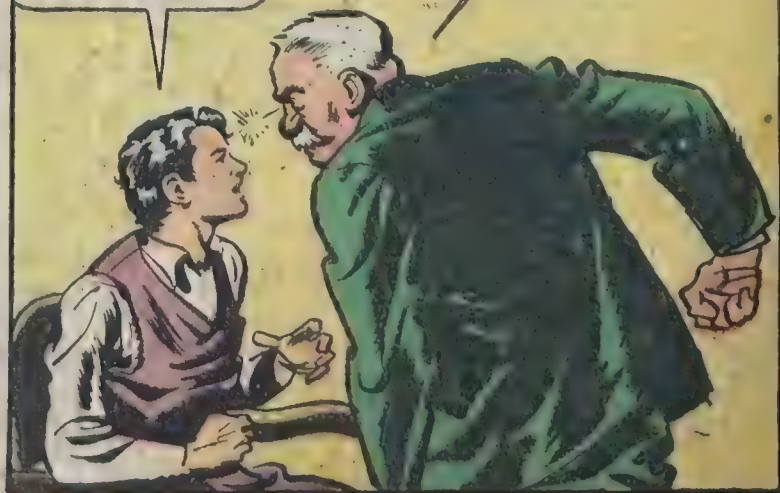


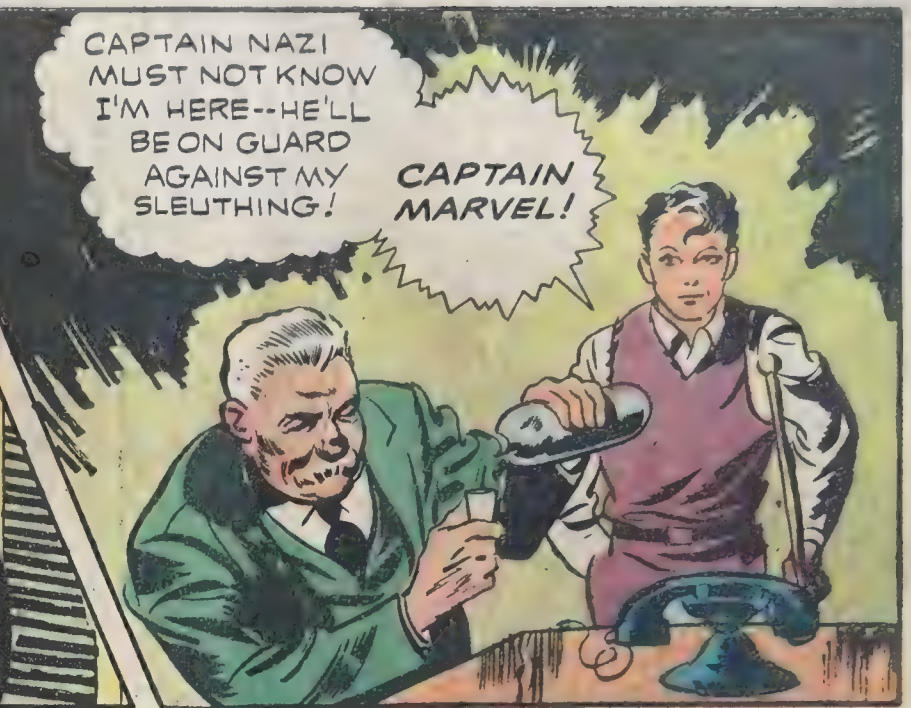
FREDDY IS QUESTIONED...



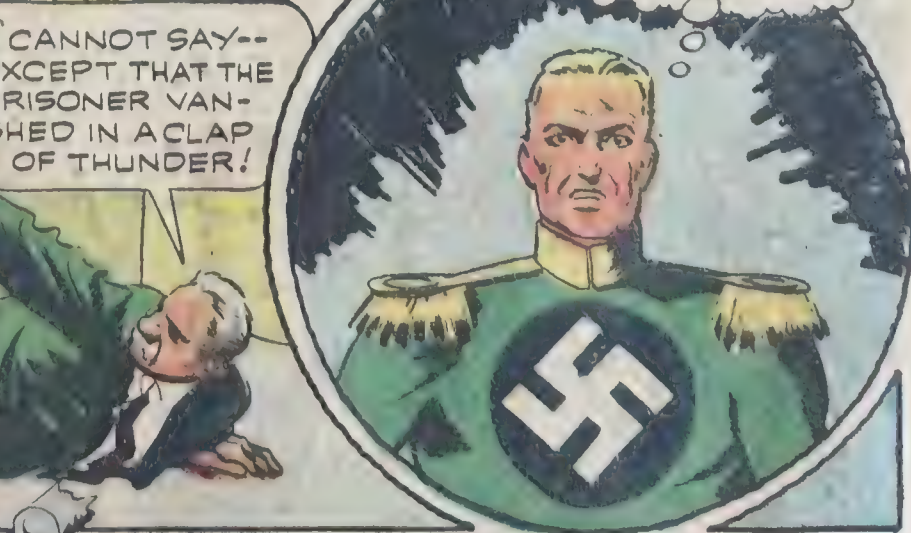
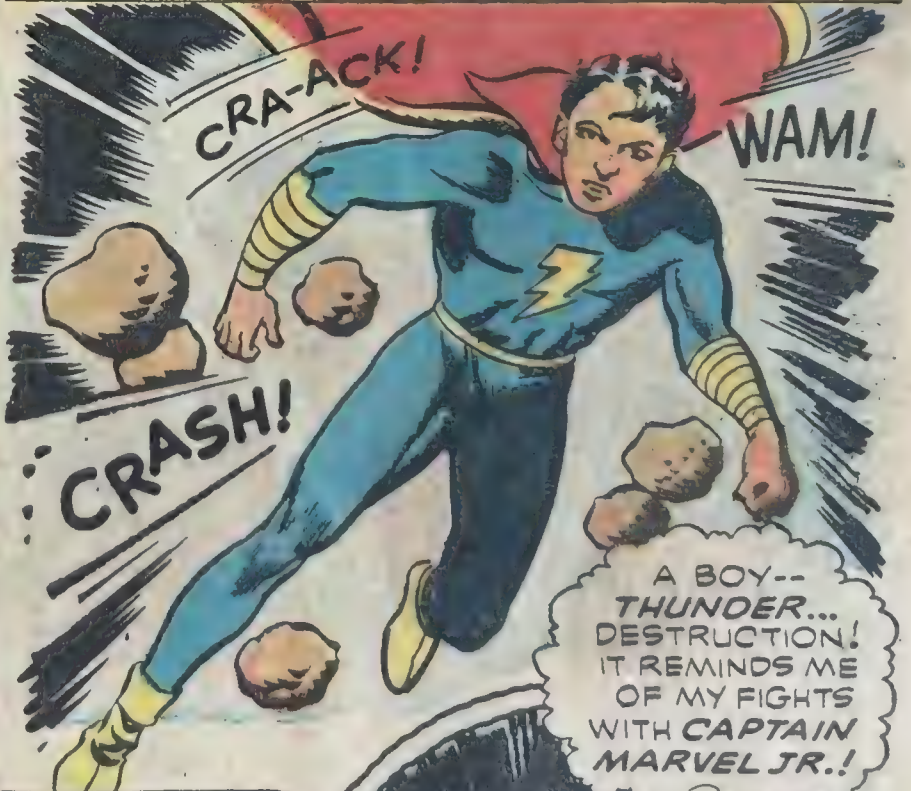
WORK PARTY, YOU CALL IT! WHAT WORK HAVE THEY IN THAT THICK JUNGLE?

HIS QUESTIONS PROVE THAT HE'S A **SPY!**





OUT THROUGH THE SOLID WALL CAPTAIN MARVEL JR. RIPS HIS WAY!



AS CAPTAIN MARVEL JR. GAINS THE OUTDOORS...

WHERE DID THE BOY COME FROM?

NO MATTER! HE'S STRONG-- GET HIM FOR THE WORKSHOPS!

AT THE EDGE OF THE JUNGLE...

VORWARTS!

A CAVE!

COME ALONG! WE NEED YOU!!

HERE'S MY CHANCE TO LEARN WHAT THEY DO WITH PRISONERS!

ANOTHER SLAVE, EH? WE NEED ALL WE CAN FIND!

THEY'RE WORKING ALL THEIR CAPTIVES TO DEATH-- BUT AT WHAT?

AS CAPTAIN MARVEL JR. BEGINS HIS WORK...

SILENCE!

WHAT ARE WE SUPPOSED TO BE DOING?

PLEASE... IT'S *DEATH* TO DISCUSS THE PROJECT!

IN THERE, BABBLER-- OUR CHIEF WILL DEAL WITH YOU!

AH! AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE!

DIRECTOR



HOW DID YOU
GET HERE?

THIS SLAVE
DISOBEYS
THE SILENCE
ORDER, SIR!

REMEMBERING FORMER DEFEATS,
CAPTAIN NAZI SHRINKS FROM
HIS YOUNG ENEMY!

EASILY EXPLAINED! I'M
YOUR PRISONER! LET
MYSELF BE CAPTURED TO
FIND OUT YOUR LATEST
LITTLE PLAYHOUSE...
AND TEAR IT DOWN!

SUPPOSE
I SURRENDER
TO YOU--CALL
OFF OUR LITTLE
FEUD---

PREPARE
TO COME
WITH ME TO
THE NEAREST
ALLIED HEAD-
QUARTERS, THEN!

BUT THE SURRENDER OFFER
WAS A TRICK! CAPTAIN NAZI
STRIKES AS CAPTAIN MARVEL
JR. RELAXES HIS GUARD!

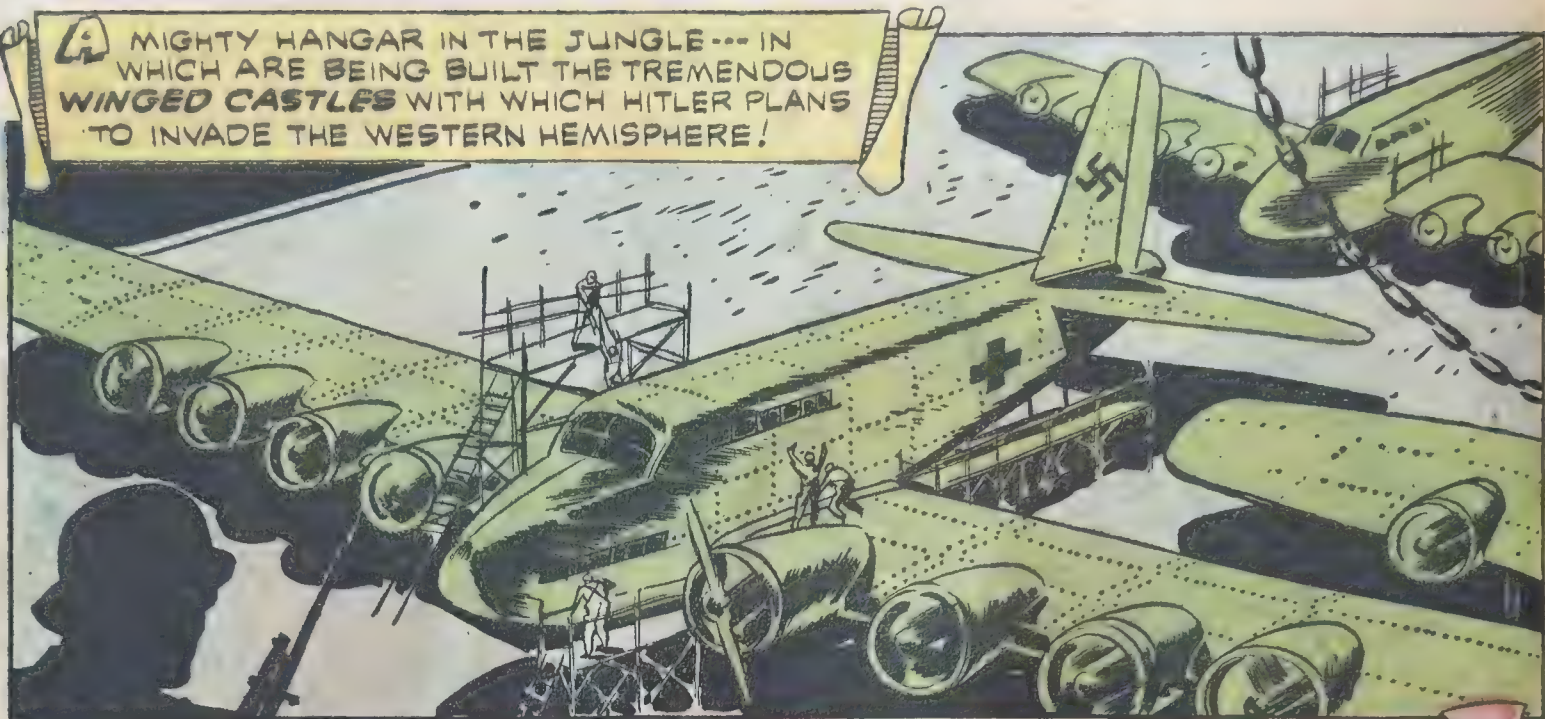
NO! WE
SETTLE THIS
BUSINESS
NOW!!

NOW
I SEE!

THERE'S FUEL
FOR THE
FURNACE! BURN
HIM TO
CINDERS!!

BUT FIRE CANNOT SINGE THE MIGHTIEST
OF BOYS! CAPTAIN MARVEL JR.
LIGHTLY SCALES THE FLUE TO WHERE
HE CAN PEER INTO A VAST WORKSHOP!

A MIGHTY HANGAR IN THE JUNGLE... IN WHICH ARE BEING BUILT THE TREMENDOUS WINGED CASTLES WITH WHICH HITLER PLANS TO INVADE THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE!



ONE LOOK IS ENOUGH FOR CAPTAIN MARVEL JR. ... HE GOES INTO ACTION!

**SO THAT'S IT!
SLAVE LABOR TO
BUILD GIANT
WEAPONS AGAINST
DEMOCRACY!**



THE CAPTIVE WORKERS SEIZE THE OPPORTUNITY TO REVOLT!

**KNOCK HIM
ON THE
HEAD!!**

**I HAVE
HIS
GUN!**

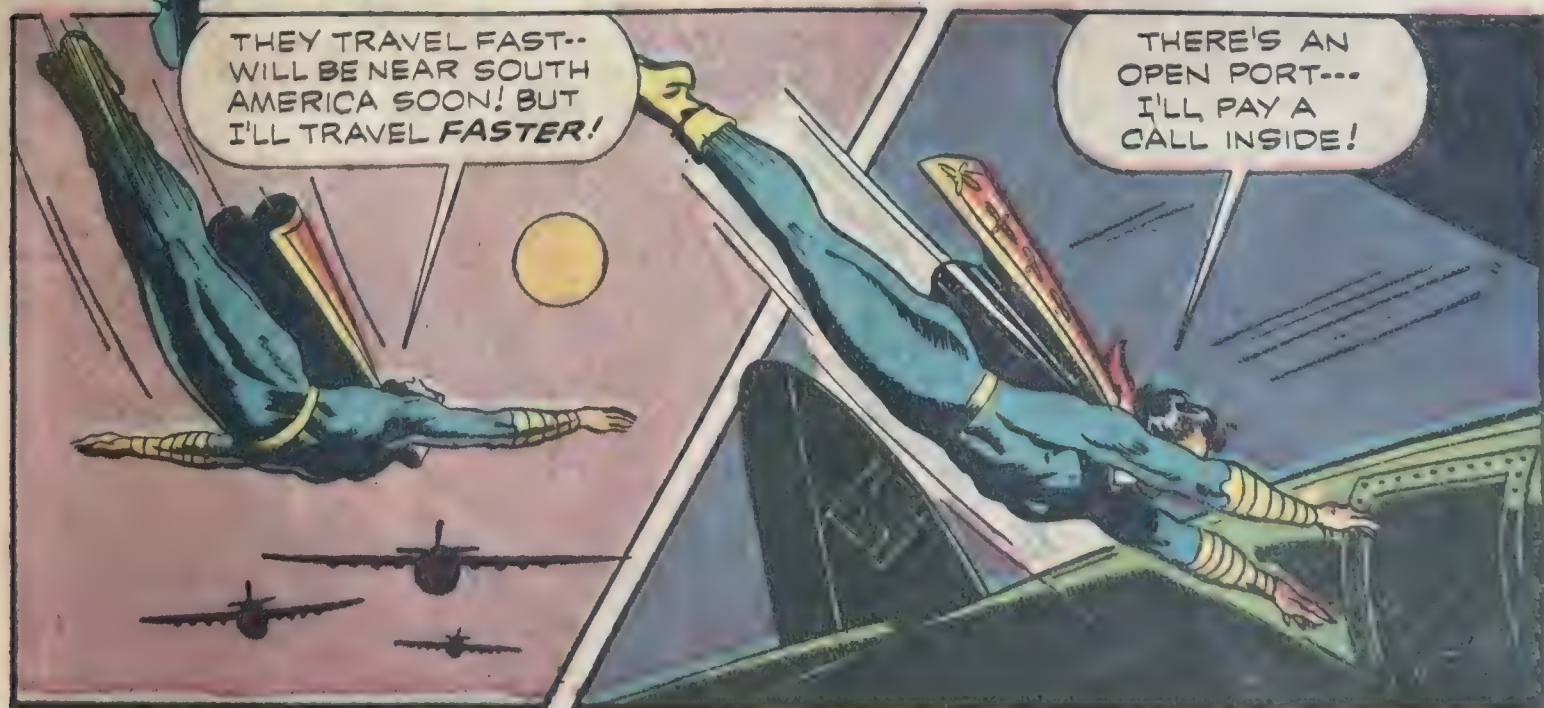
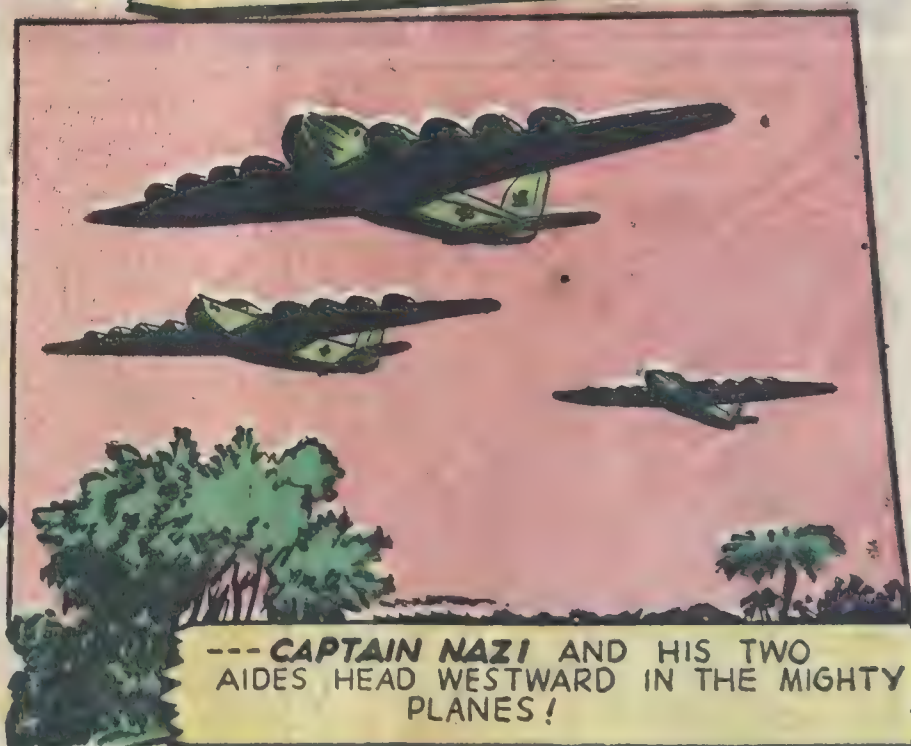
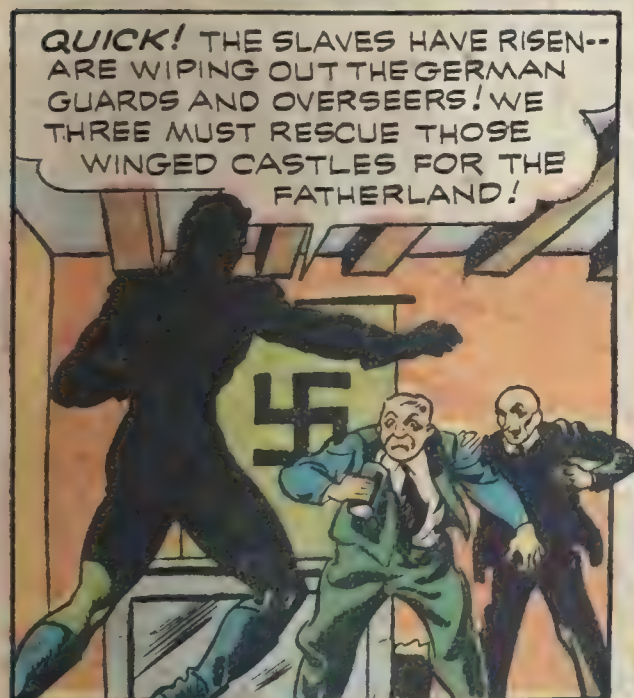


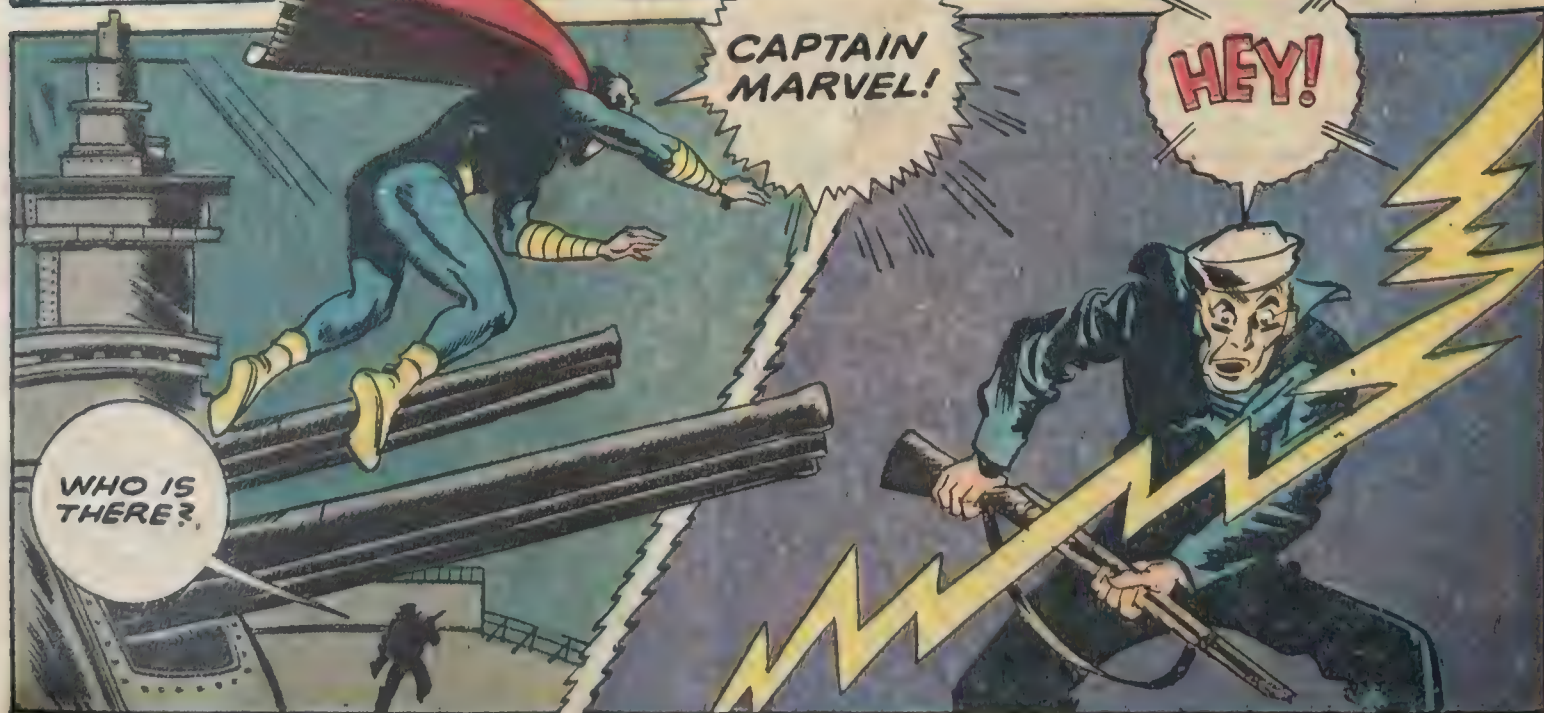
INTO THE HANGAR POURS THE FRENZIED THROG!

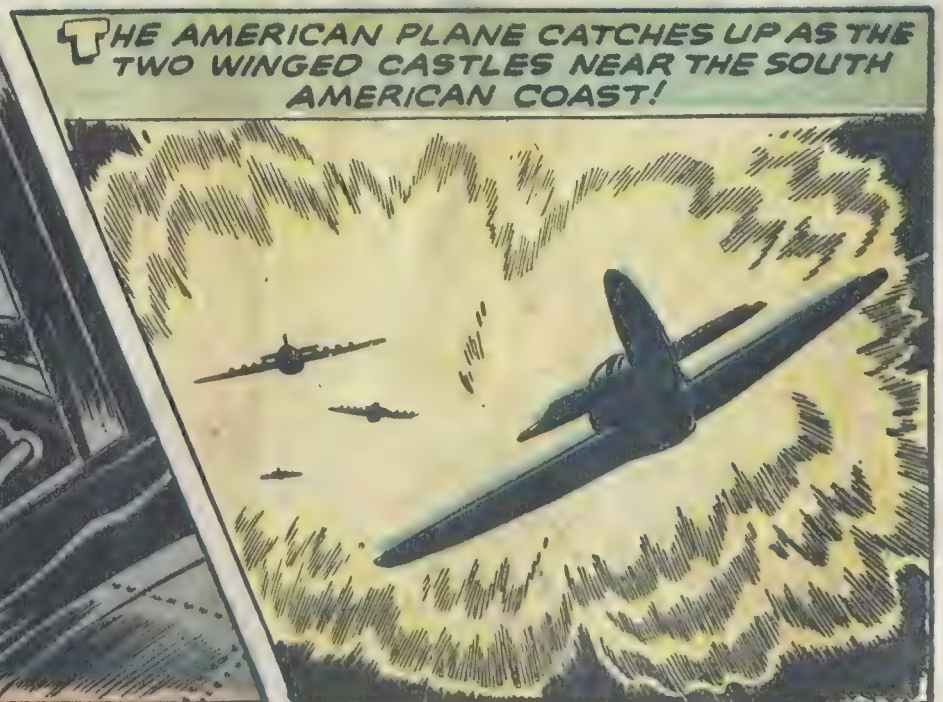
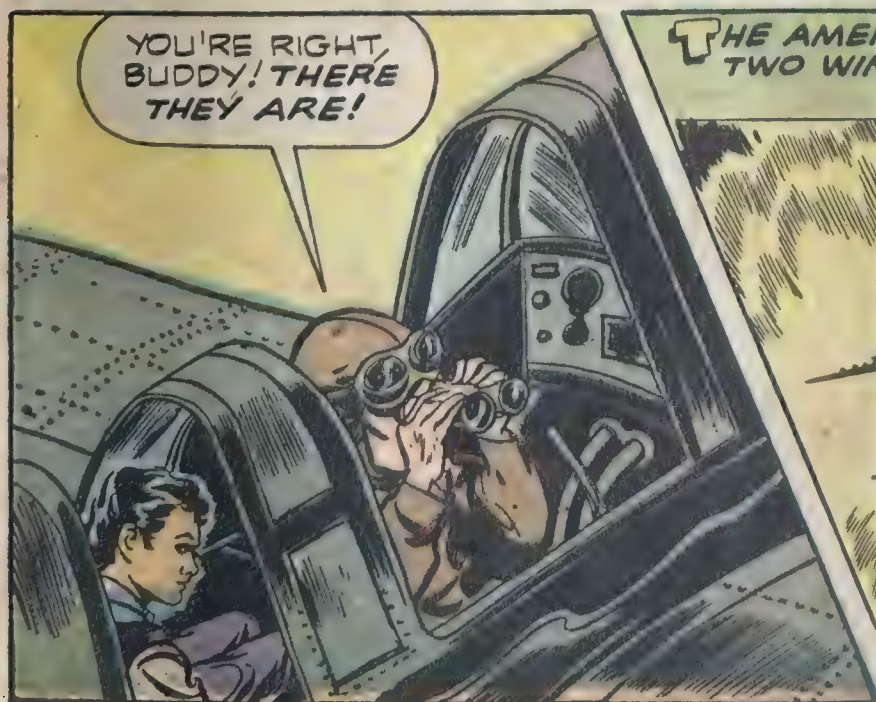
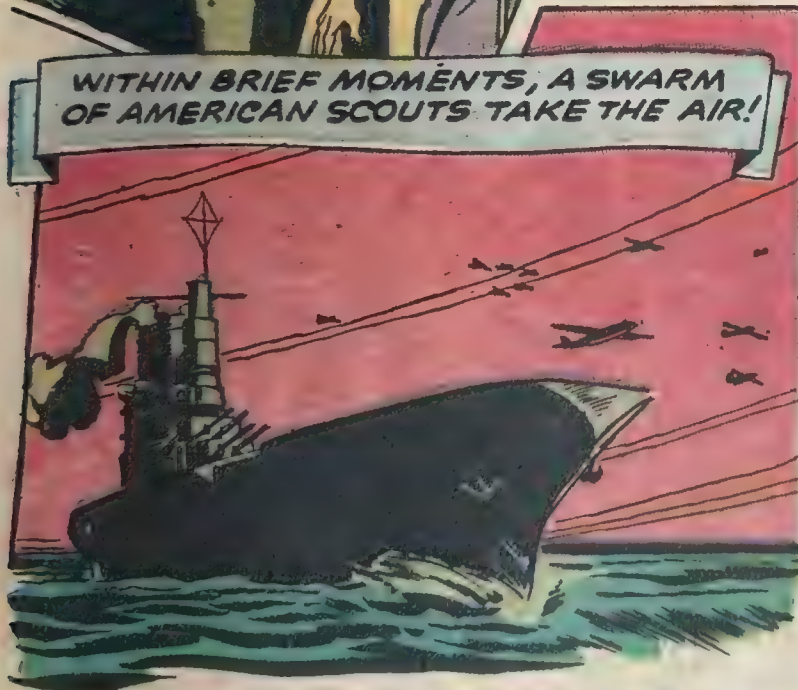
**STAMPA
VICTORY V
ON EACH
NAZI FACE!**

**QUICK...
FORM FOR
ATTACK! THE
HANGAR LIES
THAT WAY!**



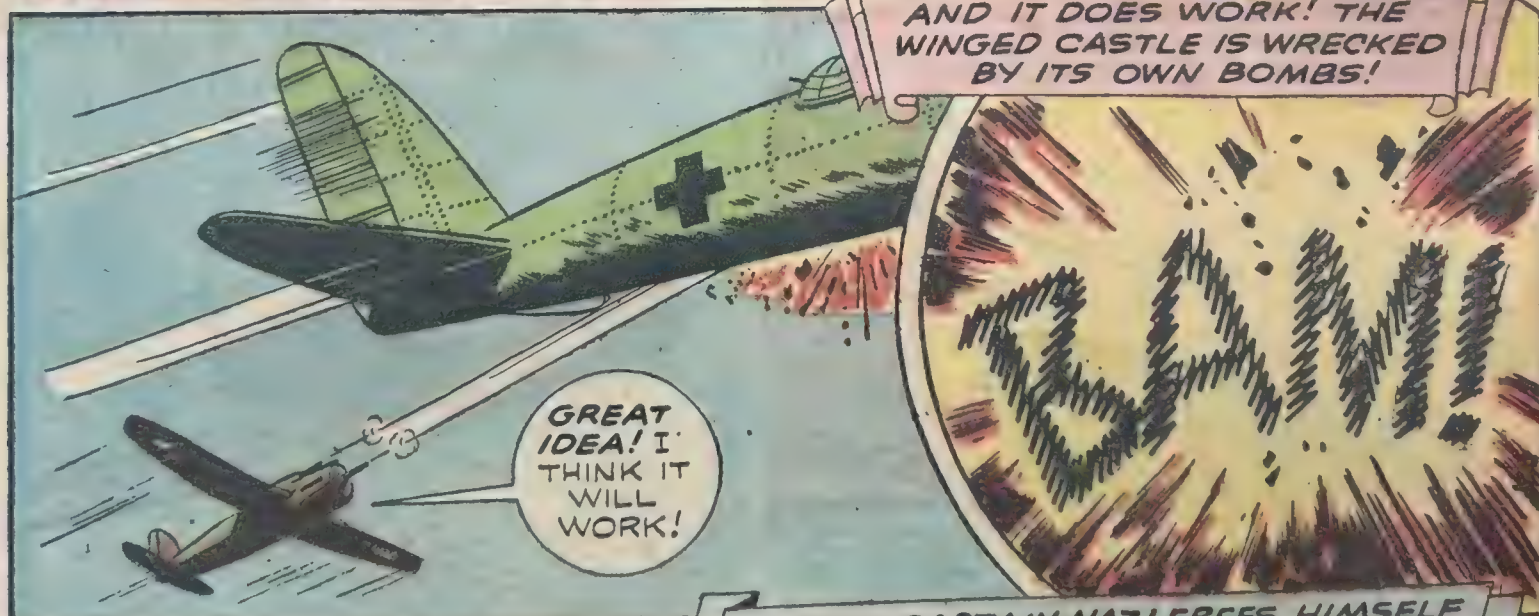
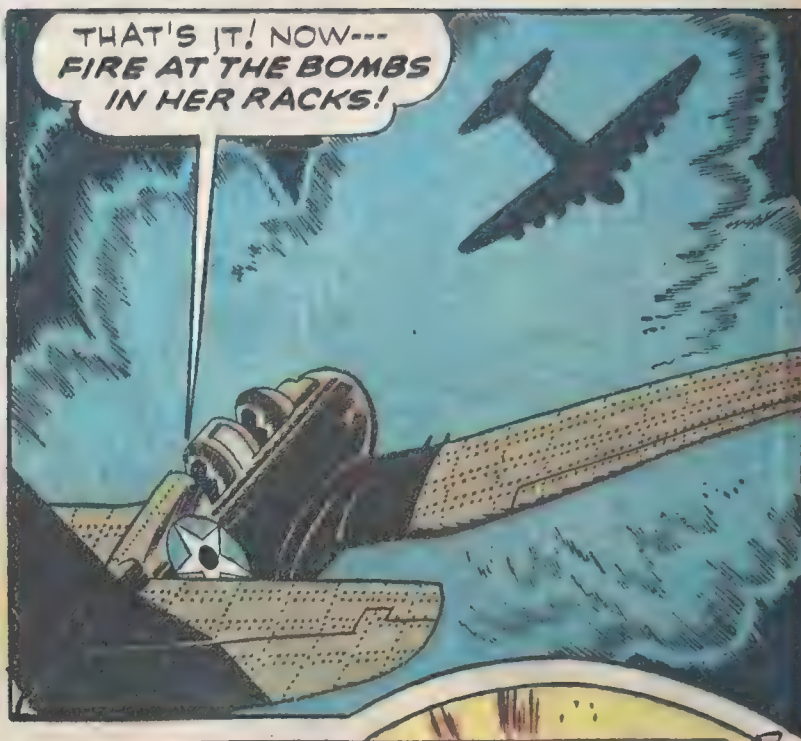








NOT A CHANCE! MY BULLETS WON'T PIERCE THAT ARMOR!



AND IT DOES WORK! THE WINGED CASTLE IS WRECKED BY ITS OWN BOMBS!



QUICKLY CAPTAIN NAZI FREES HIMSELF OF HIS DANGEROUS LOAD!

**ALIGHTENED, THE MIGHTIEST OF AIRCRAFT
GAINS THE SOUTH AMERICAN COAST...
SWEEPS OVER IT...**

**THERE! AT THE EDGE OF
THE JUNGLE---AN
AMERICAN AIRPORT!**



**AMERICAN ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS
OPEN UP, BUT...**

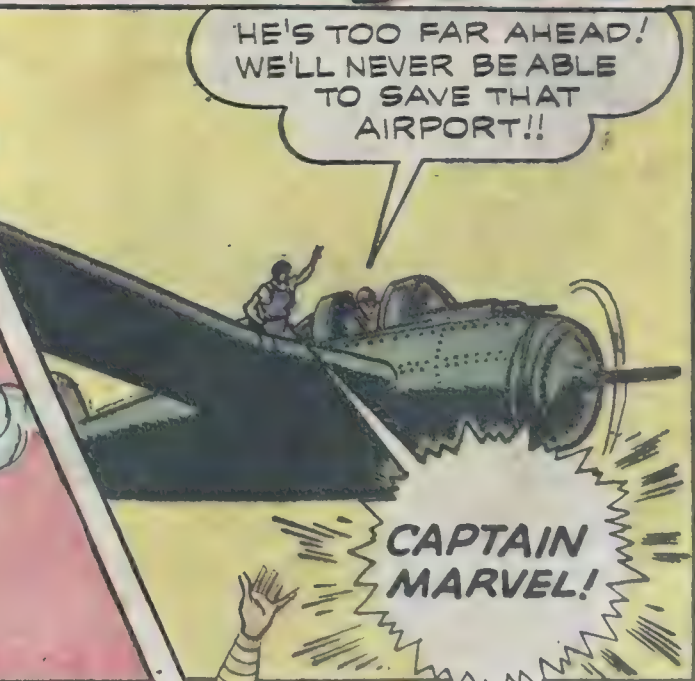
**USELESS, SIR!
OUR SHELLS DON'T
HURT THAT BIG
GERMAN SHIP!**



**I STILL HAVE MY GUNS!
I'LL SWING AROUND
AND DESTROY ALL
THOSE YANKEES!**

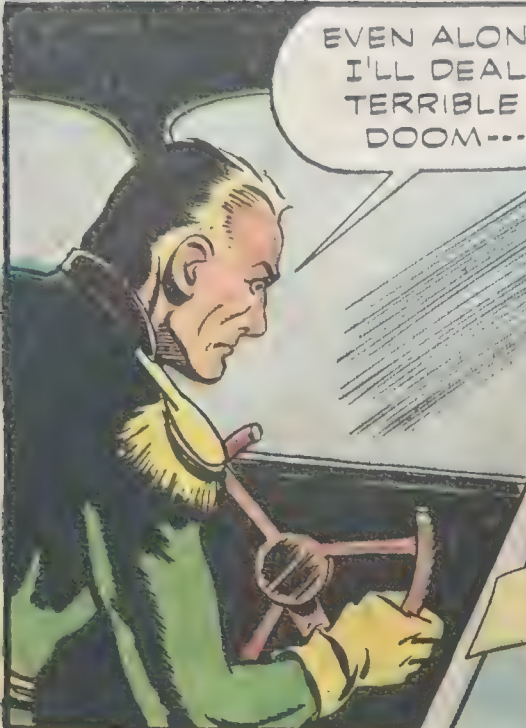


**HE'S TOO FAR AHEAD!
WE'LL NEVER BE ABLE
TO SAVE THAT
AIRPORT!!**



**CAPTAIN
MARVEL!**



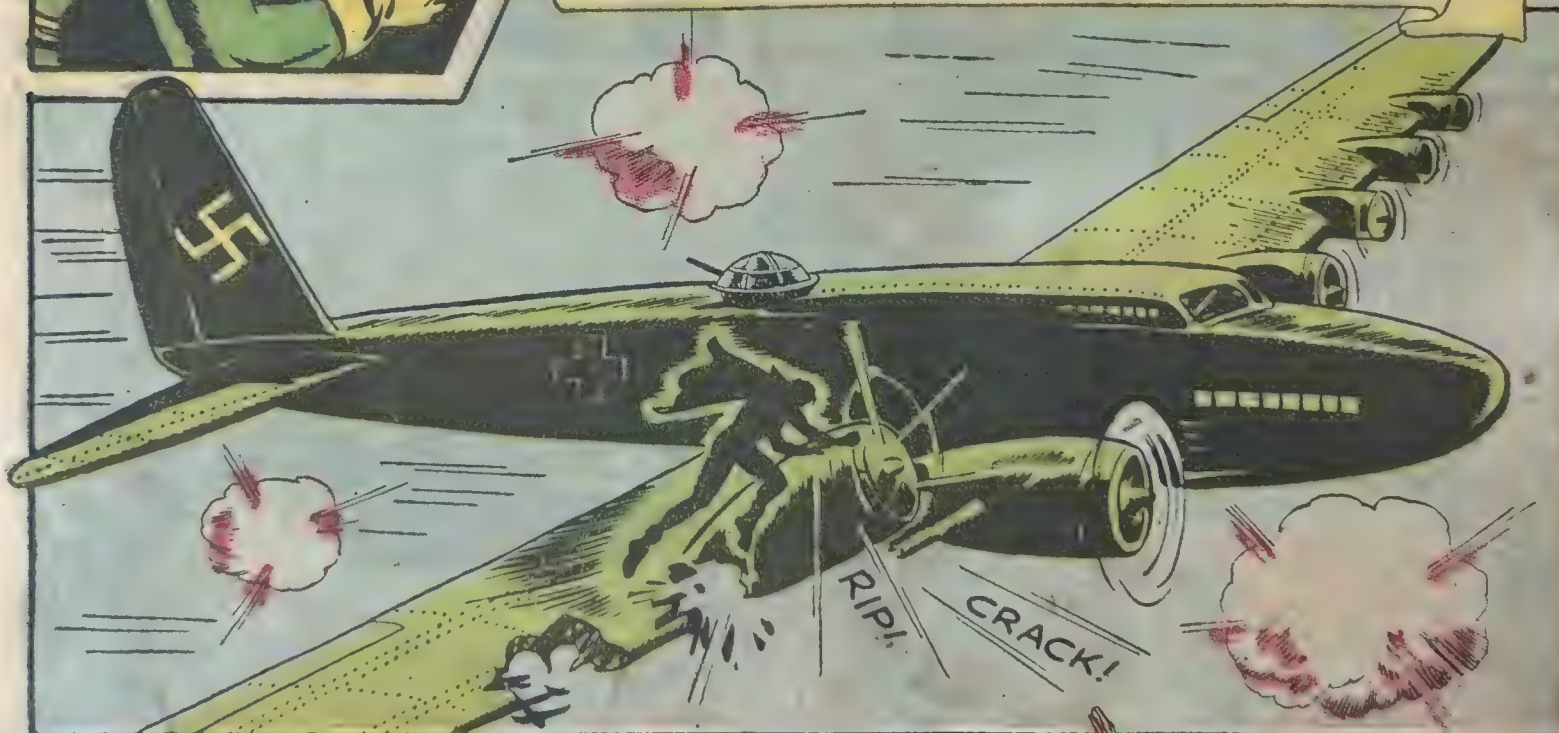


EVEN ALONE
I'LL DEAL
TERRIBLE
DOOM---

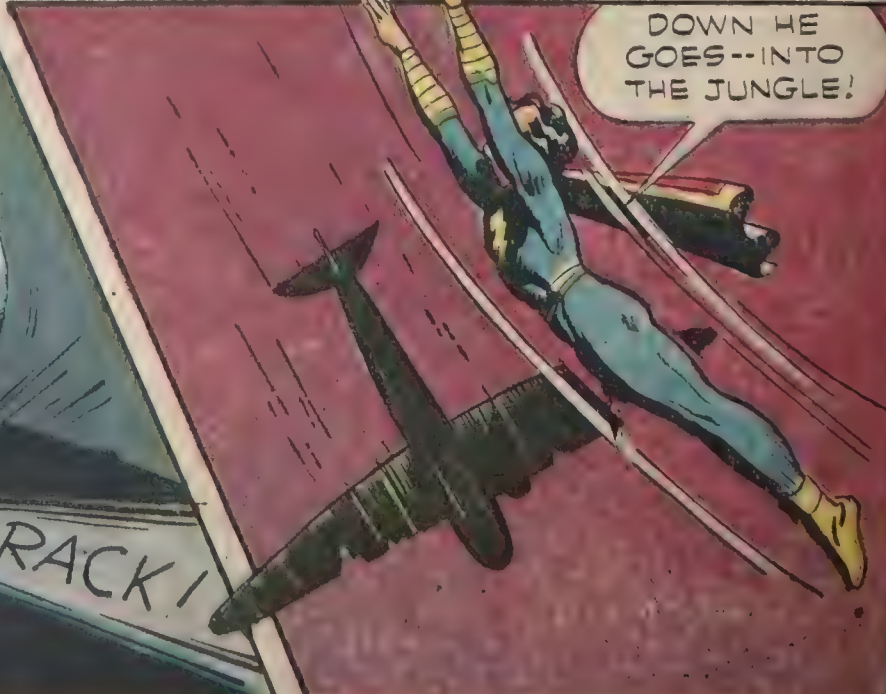


I NEVER TRIED
ANYTHING LIKE
THIS BEFORE,
BUT---

CAPTAIN MARVEL JR. THROWS HIMSELF
AGAINST ONE PROPELLOR AFTER ANOTHER!



I'VE DONE IT!
CAPTAIN NAZI
IS CRIPPLED!!



DOWN HE
GOES--INTO
THE JUNGLE!

CRACK!

THAT PUTS THE
LAST OF THE
WINGED CASTLES
OUT OF ACTION!

CR-RR-AASH!

WHEN CAPTAIN MARVEL JR. REPORTS
ABOARD THE FLAGSHIP...

CONGRATULATIONS,
YOUNGSTER! WE HEARD
ALL ABOUT IT BY RADIO
FROM THE AIRPORT!
HERE'S SOMEONE WHO
WISHES TO THANK YOU!

THE
COMMANDING
GENERAL
OF THE
**FREE
FRENCH!**

YOU HAVE
SERVED MY
FIGHTING PEOPLE
BEYOND MY POWER
TO DESCRIBE OR
REWARD! YOUR PART
IN THE ULTIMATE
VICTORY OF FREEDOM
IS A GREAT ONE!

ONLY ONE THING
WORRIES ME---
DID **CAPTAIN
NAZI** DIE IN
THAT CRASH---
OR IS HE ALIVE
IN THE **WESTERN
HEMISPHERE?**

Dear Diary:
I can't be sure about
Captain Nazi... that
crash would have killed
most men, but he seems
to have more lives
than a cat... or a Rat!
I've got a hunch
I'll see more of him...
and I promise to
battle him to the
fitter end.....

SEE
**CAPTAIN
MARVEL
JR.--**
WORLD'S
MIGHTIEST
BOY---
**EVERY
MONTH IN
MASTER
Comics!**

ONE RETURNED

Davey wasn't much on killing and robbing. He just wanted to be honest... but sometimes honesty can get a fellow in trouble, and sometimes it can keep him out!

"JUST SIT tight, Davey," came the squat man's low words. "I'll have that dough out here before you know it. And when ya see me comin' outa that doorway, get ready to scoot... fast!"

Davey took his hands from the steering wheel and wiped the sweat on his pants. His face was white. Davey had innocently got himself involved into this, without knowing what Smoky was up to. He knew now! And he knew, too, that if he started the car and fled, Smoky would gun him down.

Smoky'd done this thing in twelve states before, and this was the thirteenth. But Davey was sick at heart—and frightened.

"The thirteenth," Davey suddenly thought with alarm. "Wonder if that means bad luck—"

The heavy chatter of an automatic broke the silence. One—two—three, maybe four shots. Davey wasn't sure. Then running footsteps neared the car. He peered through the darkness to see Smoky's fat frame

waddling toward him... and in his hand was a small black bag. The other hand held an automatic, and that's what made Davey cringe in his seat. Smoky pushed the gun in the back of his neck and slammed the rear door.

"Scram outa here," came his clipped words. "Gotta scram out of here... had to bump that dumb flatfoot off!"

Davey's foot grew heavy on the accelerator, and gears rattled. As the big sedan raced through the night, he glanced through the rear-view mirror. Smoky was counting a heap of green bills.

"One thousand—two thousand—three—four—five thousand bucks!" exclaimed Smoky. "Some haul, eh, kid? Just string along wit' me and life suddenly looks green... like dough. Aint'cha' glad I made ya come along?"

Smoky waited a moment. No answer from the front. Maybe Davey was too interested in his driving, or maybe he hadn't heard.

"Whatsa' matter, kid?" Smoky asked. "Cat gotcher tongue?"

Davey's answer was slow, but carried a punch that Smoky couldn't mistake as being ominous.

"Did you have to kill the policeman, Smoky? Did you

have to shoot him like you did? Maybe he's got a wife, a kid—"

"Cut it, ya chicken!" broke in Smoky's hard voice. "Ya'd think coppers were good guys to hear ya talk."

Smoky leaned closer to Davey. He stopped chewing on his cigar and slid his hand into his coat pocket. Smoky's face was red, except for the hatchet scar snaking across his face. That scar was white with fury.

"Listen to me, Davey," he rasped. "And don't get me wrong. Ya can make money if ya string along wit' me. And if ya ever cross me... ya make nothin' but the East River. Savvy?"

He settled back, stuffed the five grand back into the bag, and continued chewing on the cigar.

"Now get drivin' for those mountains. We gotta reach the State line 'fore mornin'. And don't forgit this gun's aimed at the back of your fool head."

Davey's foot pressed harder on the gas pedal. The engine whined like an airplane's and raced up the twisting road. Tires screeched shrilly as they rounded sharp banks on the mountain.

COLOR HADN'T come back to the kid's face. He could still hear the death chatter of Smoky's automatic, the running feet. He could still see a cop sprawled flat on the pavement, maybe with his chest torn open by hot lead. He shuddered at the last thought, and then:

"Look, Smoky." Davey's words seemed to be carefully

selected. "I—I think they fry you in this State for murder. I didn't know what you hired me for. I don't like it. I'm getting out. You drive the car."

Again he glanced through the mirror. The scar on Smoky's face stood out like a white slash. The cigar had fallen from Smoky's open mouth, and his dark eyes reflected murder.

"Get this straight, ya dumb cluck," spat the squat one. "In the first place a witness saw me kill the copper, and my name's mud if they ever catch me. And I ain't letting you go to squeal on me. In the second place I don't do this for fun. I've got five grand, see, and I'm keepin' it! Except, of course, the cut you get that I promised you when I picked ya up and offered you a chauffeur's job." He laughed. "Chauffeur!"

Davey said nothing. He was thinking how he'd been tricked into taking a job driving this killer.

Smoky was thinking, too. Thinking of five grand in *one man's* pocket. It would be simple to do away with the kid. Already it was showing signs of fog out, and the higher they got, the foggier. He'd ask Davey to stop the car for awhile, then when Davey wasn't looking—blam!—and Smoky had the five G's to himself and no worry.

"When you get to the top of this mountain, stop and I'll give ya you're share," Smoky said with a double meaning.

But Davey appeared too depressed to read the grim meaning behind Smoky's little speech.

"It's a good spot to ditch this hot gun," Smoky explained to allay the kid's fears.

The fog was so thick now that Davey's headlights were useless. He slowed down, pulled the heavy overcoat closer about his neck.

"We must be getting near the top," he said. "It's getting kind of cold up here, and I can hardly see the road in front of me. Gosh! What a blanket of fog we rolled into!"

Smoky gripped the automatic in his pocket. A light shone in

his eyes, and the scar-twisted mouth looked ugly in its smile. He tapped Davey's shoulder.

"Then maybe we'd better stop, kid," Smoky said, half wondering if Davey guessed his intentions. "Once we get our bearings, we can start again. Maybe we're half way off the road now—and besides, we should be near the top."

Smoky felt the car come to a stop. What next? It would be best if they were out of the car, so no signs of the gruesome deed would be left. He could ask Davey to look around the rear of the car, while he took the front. He could say this was to see how close they were to the edge of the mountainous road. Yes, that would send Davey to the rear, then when his back was turned...

SMOKY FELT the cold steel of his automatic, and grinned maliciously. It was only about three miles to the State line, and Smoky wasn't a bad driver. Too, there was no sense in paying this kid anything. Besides, the kid might well be awaiting a chance to turn him over to the cops...

"Okay, kid," he said, opening the door. "We'd better get out and see where we are. If this soup gets any thicker we're going to have to sleep here 'til morning."

Smoky heard Davey stumble out. He couldn't see him too well. He could hardly see his own hand in front of his face.

"Careful, Smoky," he heard the kid's voice. "Don't stumble over any of those rocks. One slip up here—and it's a long way down!"

Smoky looked toward the source of the voice. Ah! There he was. The killer could barely make out Davey's tall figure. The soup *was* thick. Supposing he missed? Supposing Davey made a rush for him and wrested the gun away? He was only a kid, but strong as a bull.

"First I'll act like I'm looking around," breathed the killer to himself. "Can't let him get suspicious of me. He might jump

me. But he'd have to be right on me to see this gun. Hmm—I'll try up here first. Wish I could see a little better!"

He raised his voice then: "Hey, kid, how does it look? We near the edge?" Since he couldn't see the kid, he'd get him to talk and aim at the voice.

"Looks as if we're pretty close," Davey answered—and his voice seemed right behind Smoky.

Smoky lifted his gun, whirled around and stepped forward—thinking to be sure of his victim. But no shot sounded... only a long, eery death wail!

"Smoky!" Davey yelled and raced to the front of the sedan. "Smoky!"

No answer. He shouted again... again. He inched his way along, stumbling once or twice. Then he got to his knees and felt his way with his hands. A shiny, blue object glittered before him. He touched it... it was cold and damp.

He leaned against the front tire, swung his legs around and touched... empty space. Davey's breath stopped in his throat, seemed to clog his windpipe. The car had stopped no more than two inches from a cliff's edge!

His eyes strained as he looked down, but could see nothing... nothing but vast emptiness. He guessed that the gaping cavern must have stretched hundreds of feet below. He'd killed a man—but it was his life or Smoky's! He stumbled back in a cold sweat. He couldn't think of anything but a crushed body lying far below... and a little black bag that had to be returned.

And when he went back and returned it, he could explain, he knew, how he'd become entangled in the crime, how he'd grown suspicious of Smoky's intentions when he'd ordered him to stop the car... and how, when he'd answered Smoky, he'd thrown his voice, as he'd done so often when learning ventriloquism as a boy. Why, maybe the cops would even give him a job on the *World's Finest*.

The End



LET'S SEE... THE POLICE REPORT THAT TWO MURDERS HAVE BEEN COMMITTED... BOTH IN THE UPTOWN DISTRICT!

AND IN BOTH CASES A MESSAGE WAS LEFT WITH THE CORPSE! A MESSAGE WHICH READ... **THE SHADOW THAT WALKS!** THIS SOUNDS LIKE A TOUGH JOB!

BUT LET'S LEAVE FREDDY FREEMAN AS HE BEGINS HIS SEARCH AND TURN TO THE EDITORIAL OFFICES OF THE HERALD GLOBE...

YOU CALL YOURSELVES **REPORTERS!** THE TOWN IS OVER-RUN BY A HOODLUM CALLING HIMSELF **THE WALKING SHADOW** AND YOU BRING ME STORIES ABOUT A PET DACHSHUND! IF THE WALKING SHADOW FINDS THE DUMONT TREASURE, HE MAY SUCCEED IN BECOMING THE KING OF CRIME!

IF THE POLICE CAN'T FIND THE KILLER, HOW CAN YOU EXPECT US TO WRITE ABOUT HIM--OR IT?

I DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOU YVONNE, BUT I'M HEADING FOR THE SPOT WHERE THE LAST MURDER OCCURED! THEY SAY THE KILLER ALWAYS RETURNS!

THE POLICE AREN'T WORKING FOR THE **HERALD-GLOBE!** I EXPECT YOU, MISS BLAKE, AND YOU, JERRY FLADD, TO BE THE POLICE IN THIS TOWN! NOW GET OUT!

I THINK I'LL PICK MY OWN HUNTING GROUNDS! I'LL SEE YOU LATER JERRY!

JERRY FLADD'S TRAIL LEADS TO ONE OF THE TOUGHER SECTIONS OF TOWN...

I MUST HAVE BEEN RIGHT... THERE'S A LIGHT IN THE ROOM!

UP WITH THEM! BOTH OF YOU!

WHA--?

WHAT ARE YOU TWO DOING HERE?

THE WALKING SHA...

IT'S THE WALKING SHADOW!

BANG!

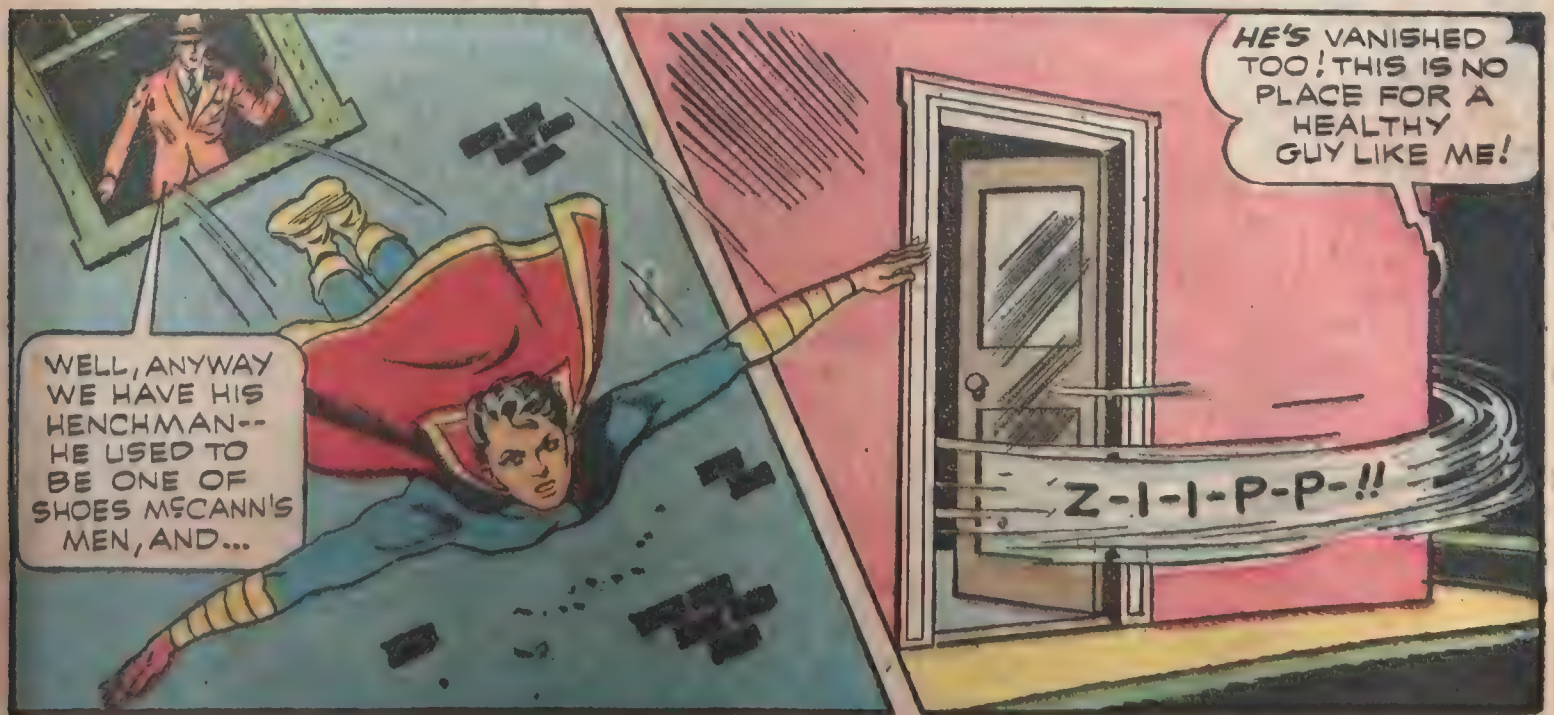
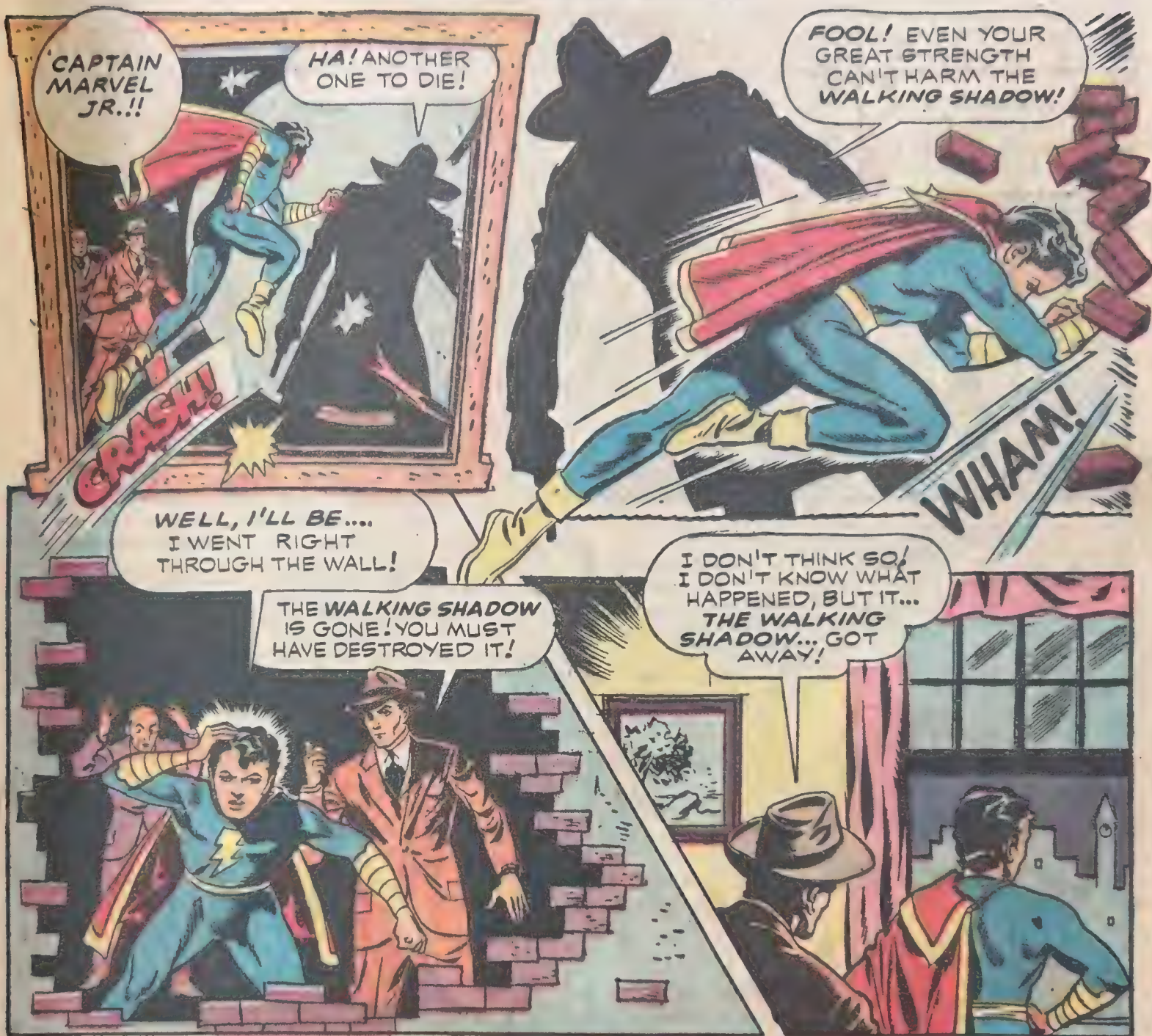
SUPPOSE I ANSWER THAT, JERRY FLADD! THEY WERE SEARCHING THE ROOM ON MY ORDERS AND SPIKE JUST DIED FOR TRYING TO TALK TOO MUCH-- AS WILL YOU!

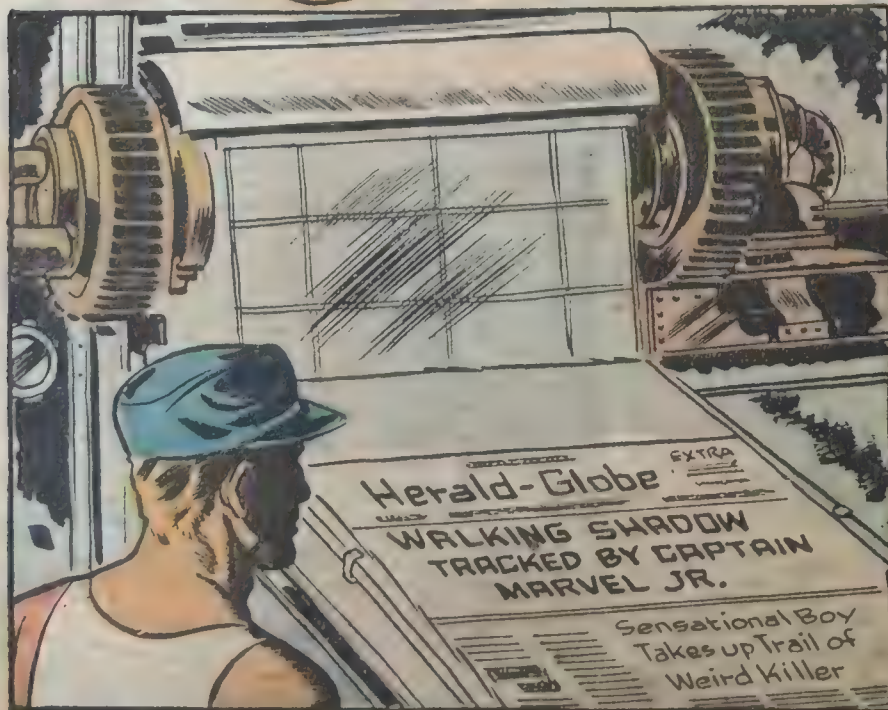
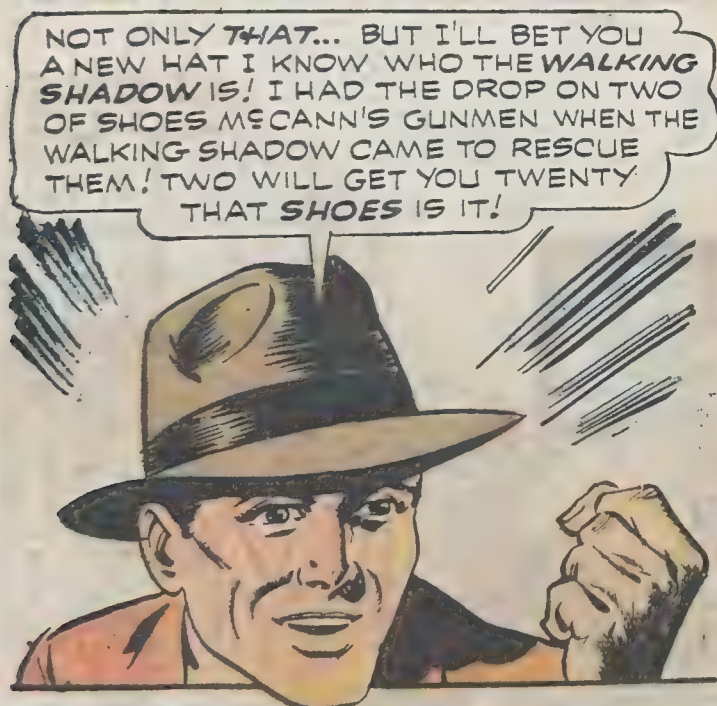
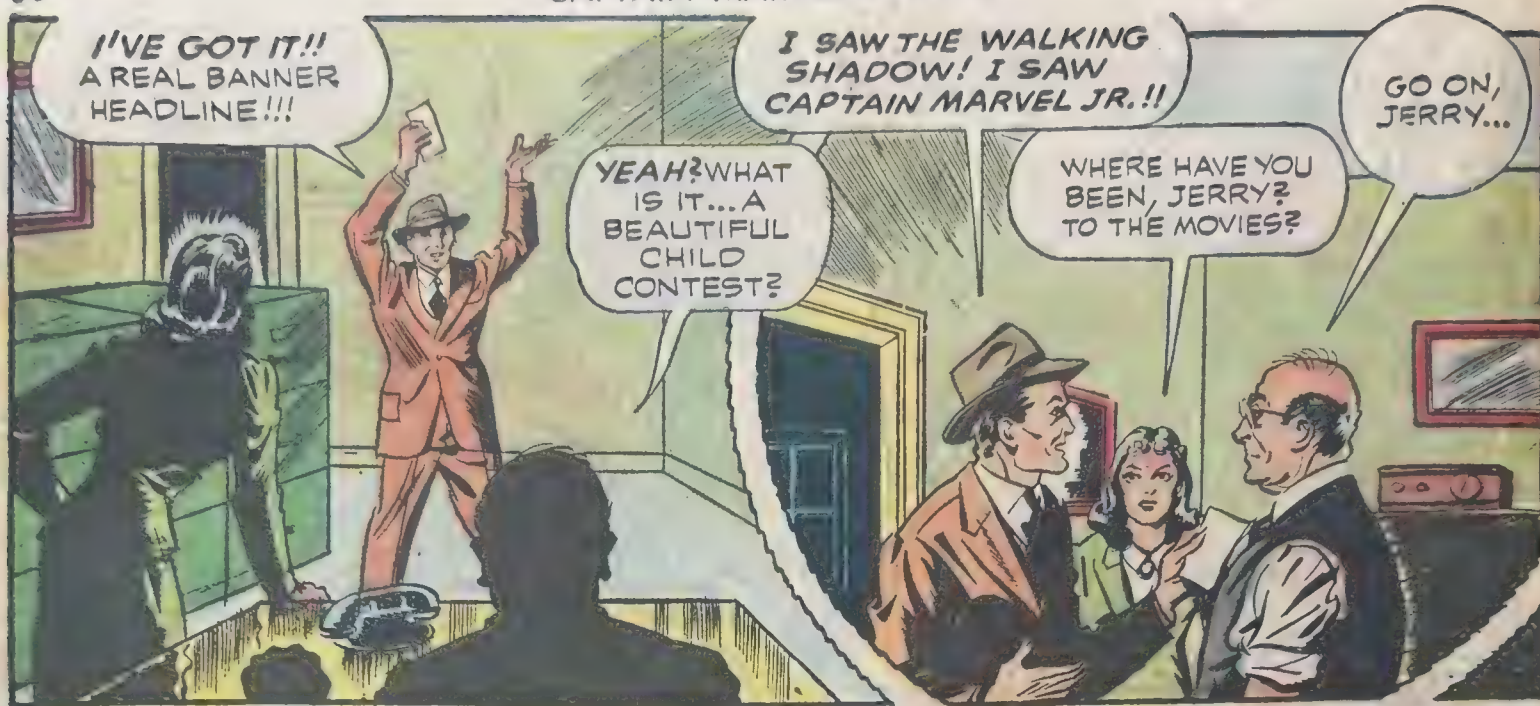
BUT OTHER EARS HEAR THE CONVERSATION OF THE WALKING SHADOW!

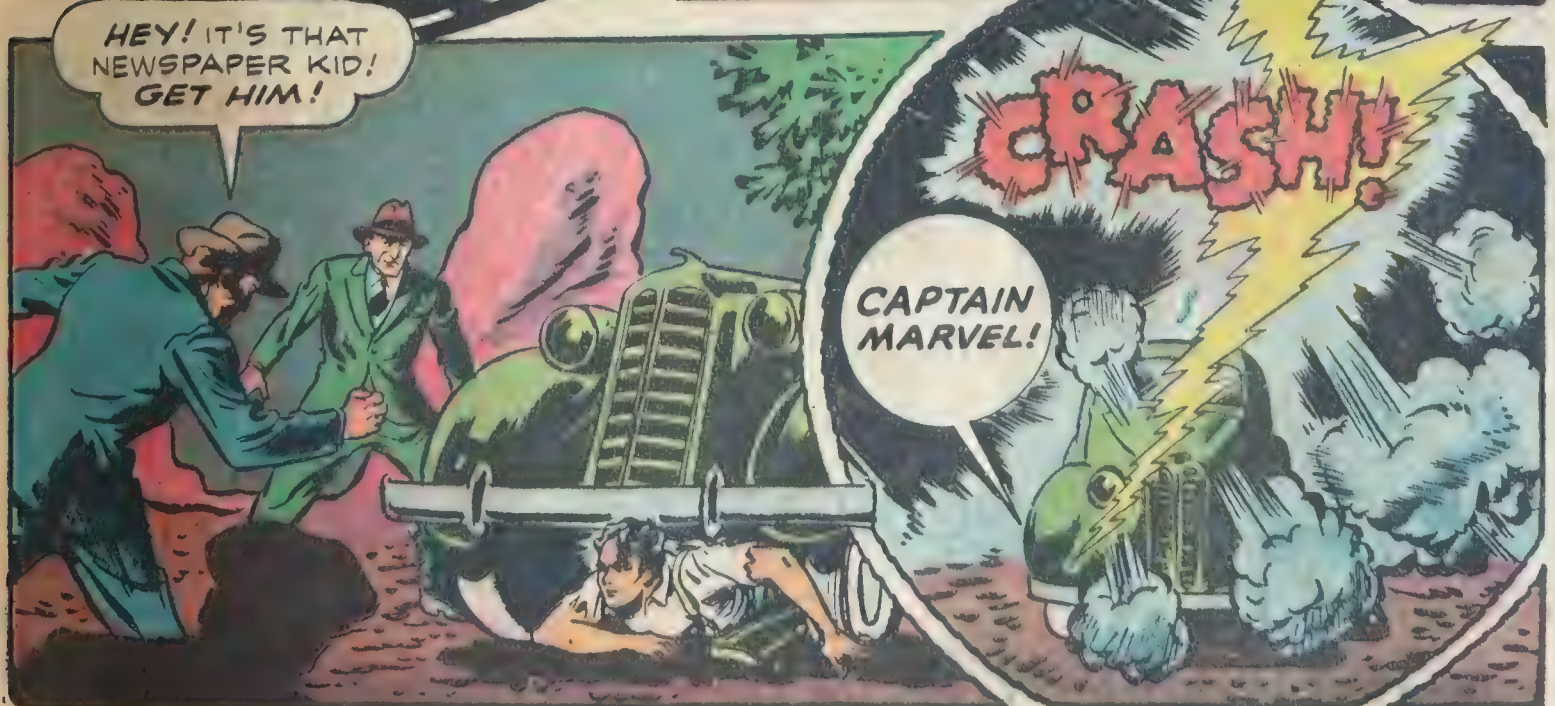
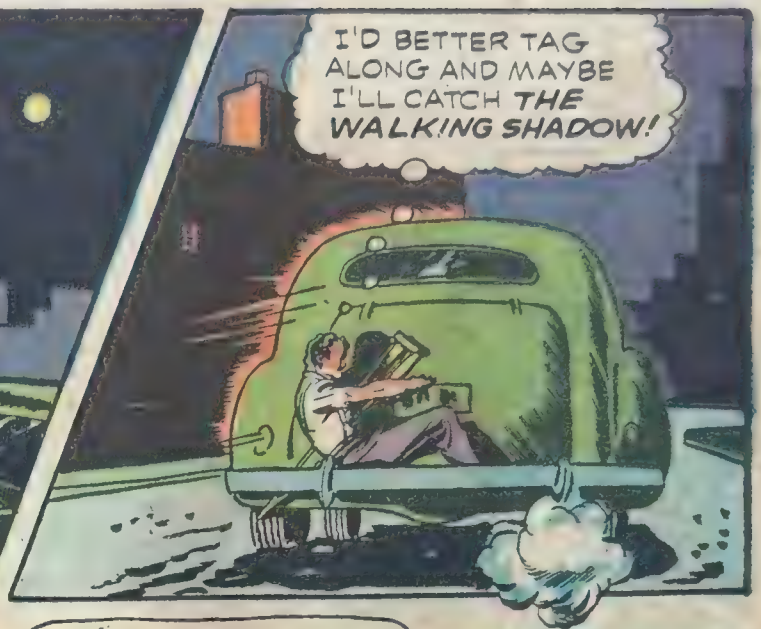
CAPTAIN MARVEL!!

A DEAFENING ROAR OF THUNDER CRASHES THROUGH THE NIGHT!

BAM!











OOPS!

YOU AGAIN!

I AM THE SHADOW THAT WALKS! IF YOU ENTER THAT HOUSE... YOU WILL FIND ONLY DEATH!

HA! HA! YOU'VE MET YOUR MATCH AT LAST! NOTHING CAN HARM ME!

OH, YEAH?

GONE AGAIN! VANISHED BEFORE MY VERY EYES! WHAT CAN IT BE?

THANK HEAVENS YOU ARRIVED! IT WAS JUST ABOUT TO GET ME, TOO!

HM... A GIRL! I'M NOT SURPRISED TO FIND ANYONE OUT THIS NIGHT!

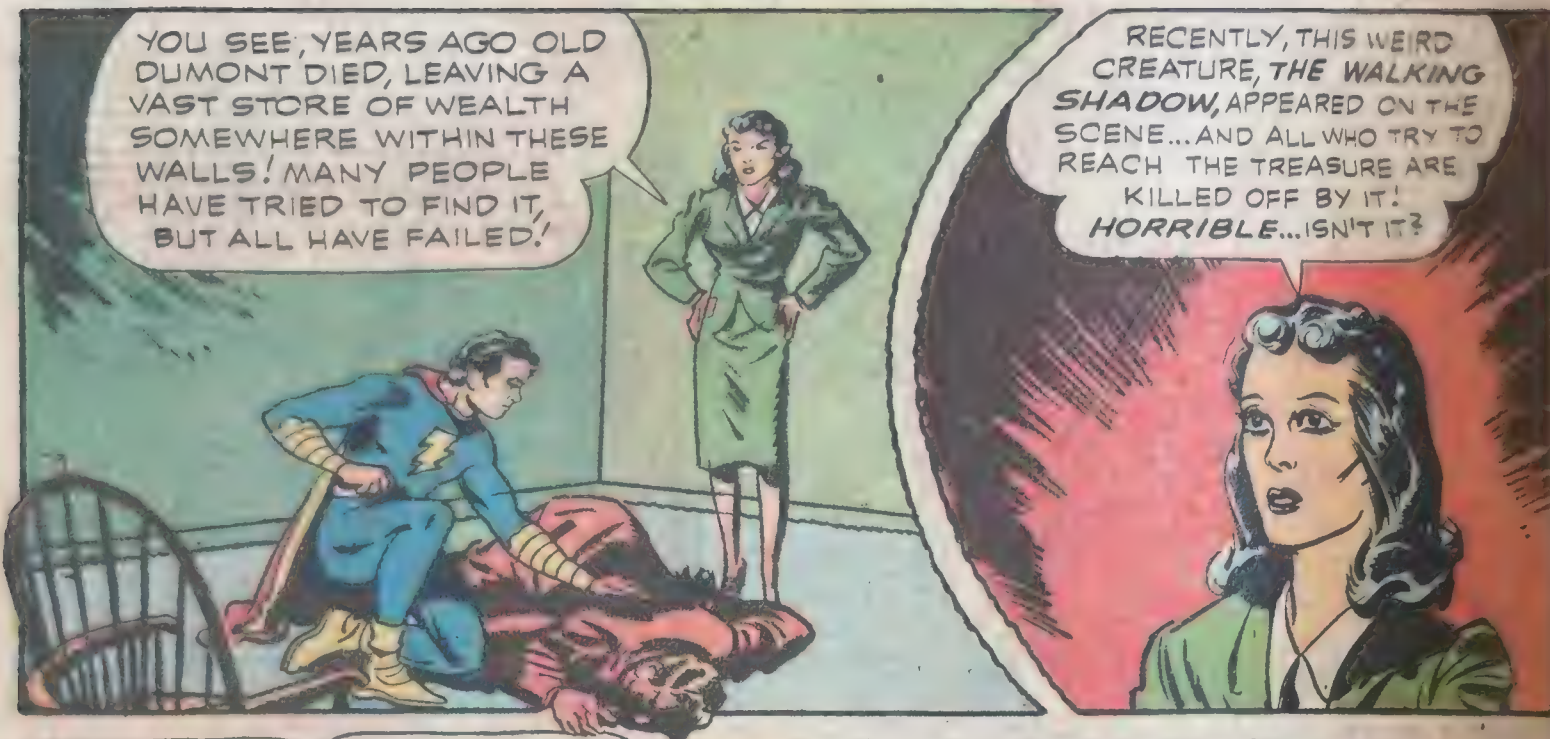
CRASH!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN--IT WAS JUST ABOUT TO GET YOU, TOO?

A WALKING SHADOW! A GHASTLY THING FROM THE SHADOWS! IT ALREADY GOT-- GOT-- POOR JERRY-- HE'S BACK THERE-- DEAD!

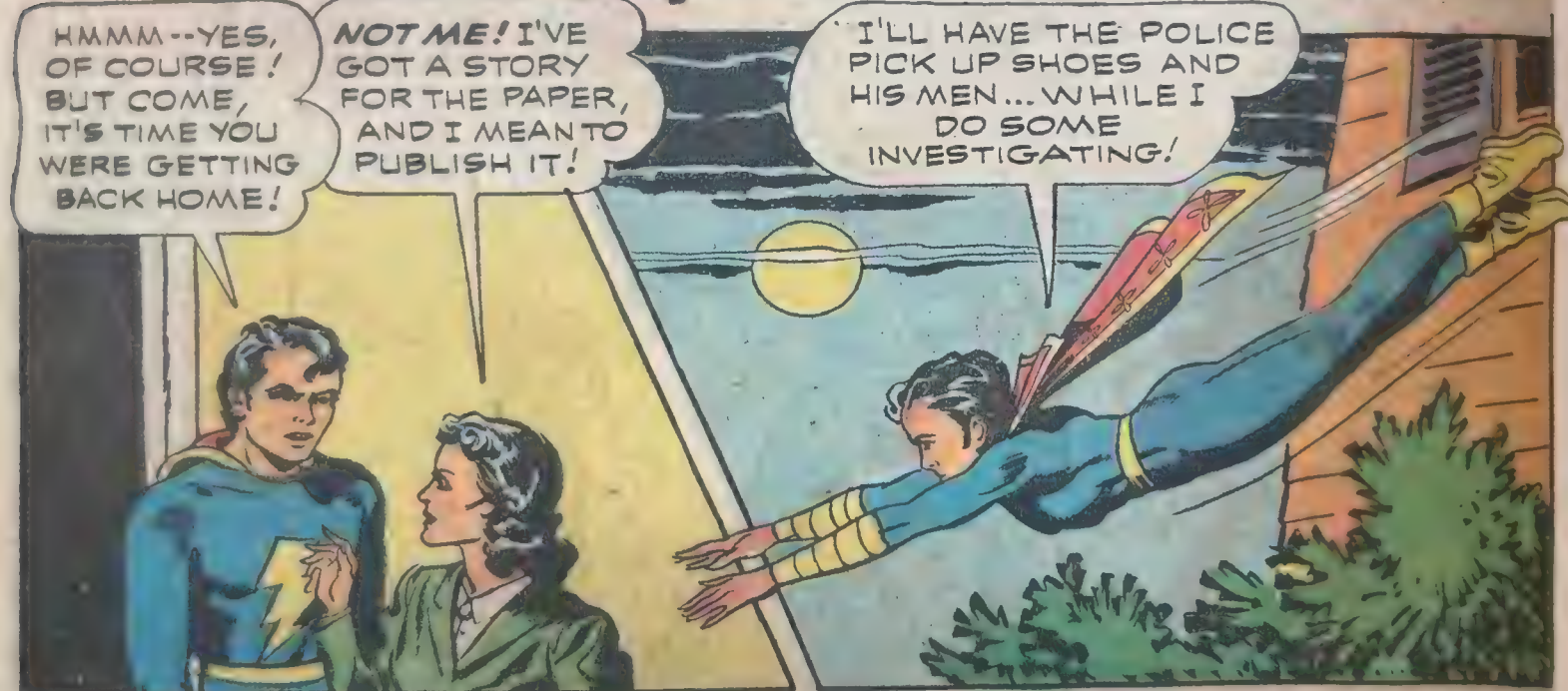
HE WAS JERRY FLADD! WE BOTH WORKED FOR THE HERALD-GLOBE, AND WE CAME OUT HERE TO GET A STORY ON DUMONT'S TREASURE! THEN---

NO NEED TO TELL ME ANY MORE! I CAN SEE WHAT HAPPENED TO FLADD!



YOU SEE, YEARS AGO OLD DUMONT DIED, LEAVING A VAST STORE OF WEALTH SOMEWHERE WITHIN THESE WALLS! MANY PEOPLE HAVE TRIED TO FIND IT, BUT ALL HAVE FAILED!

RECENTLY, THIS WEIRD CREATURE, **THE WALKING SHADOW**, APPEARED ON THE SCENE... AND ALL WHO TRY TO REACH THE TREASURE ARE KILLED OFF BY IT! **HORRIBLE... ISN'T IT?**



HMMM--YES, OF COURSE! BUT COME, IT'S TIME YOU WERE GETTING BACK HOME!

NOT ME! I'VE GOT A STORY FOR THE PAPER, AND I MEAN TO PUBLISH IT!

I'LL HAVE THE POLICE PICK UP SHOES AND HIS MEN... WHILE I DO SOME INVESTIGATING!



FEEL SORRY FOR JERRY... BUT A HEADLINE'S A HEADLINE! **GREAT WORK, YVONNE!**

THIS IS GETTING SERIOUS, CHIEF! **SOMEONE HAS GOT TO STOP THE WALKING SHADOW!**

WELL, THAT'S UP TO THE POLICE! I'M ONLY TRYING TO SELL PAPERS! YOU'D BETTER GO HOME AND GET SOME SLEEP! HARD DAY TOMORROW!

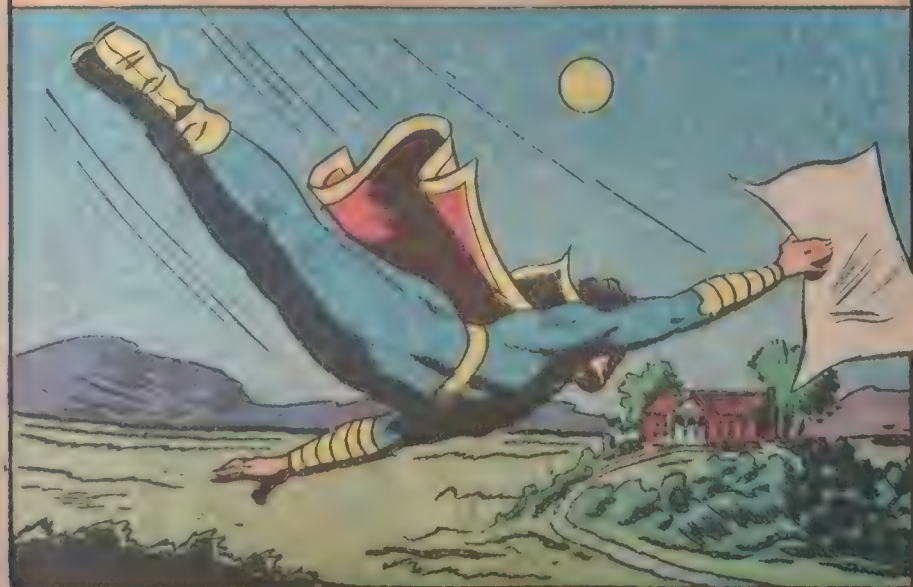
Herald-Globe
REPORTER KNEW TOO MUCH
WALKING SHADOW KILLS AGAIN



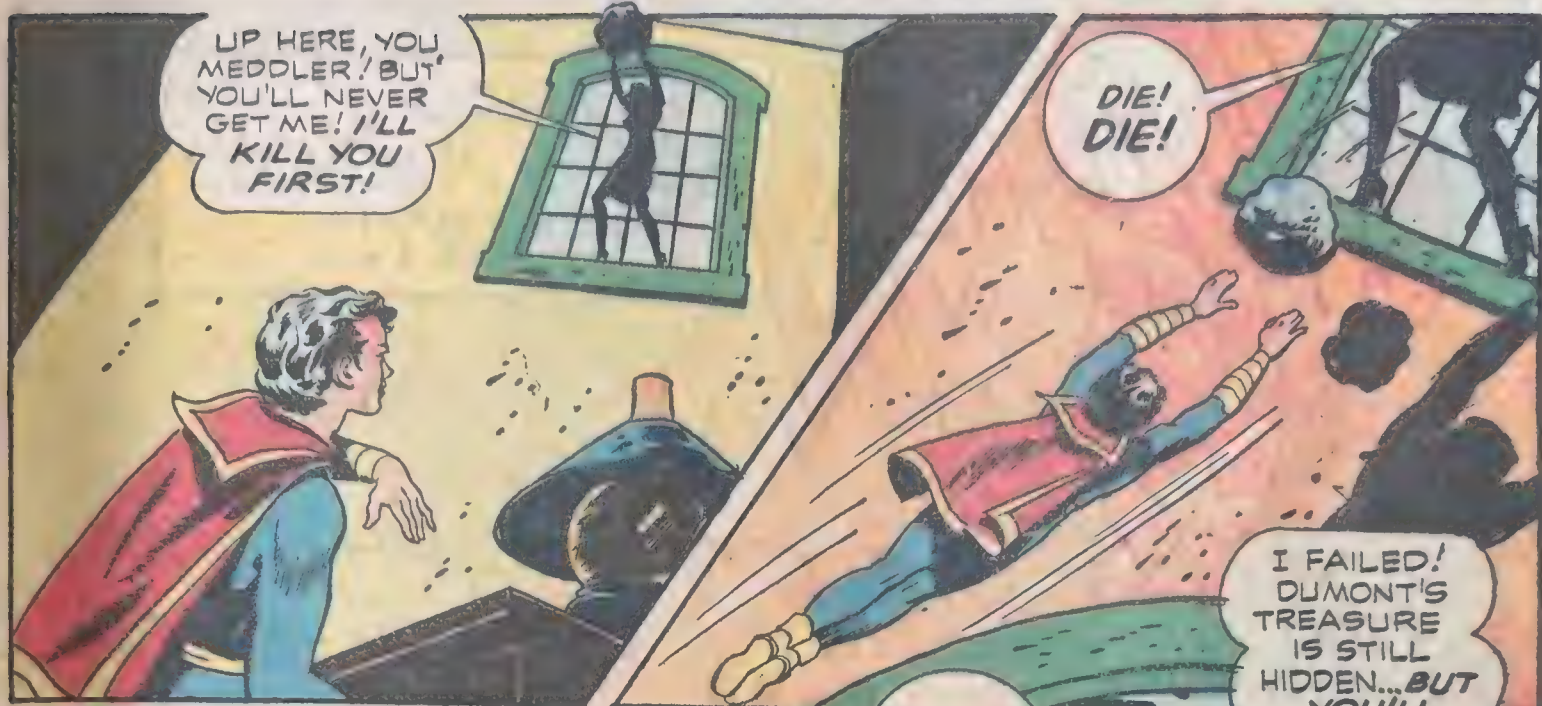
SOME TIME LATER, CAPTAIN MARVEL JR. ENTERS A ONE ROOM APARTMENT IN ANOTHER SECTION OF TOWN...



A FEW MINUTES LATER CAPTAIN MARVEL JR. IS DARTING DOWN TO THE OLD DUMONT HOUSE...







*Dear Diary...
So Miss Blake was the
WALKING SHADOW, and the shoes
McCann her hired accomplice!
But I would never have
found out... if I hadn't seen
blood on her arm when Jerry
Haddel was killed! THAT was
when I got suspicious of
her... She was probably killed
in the dive... but sometimes
I wonder...*

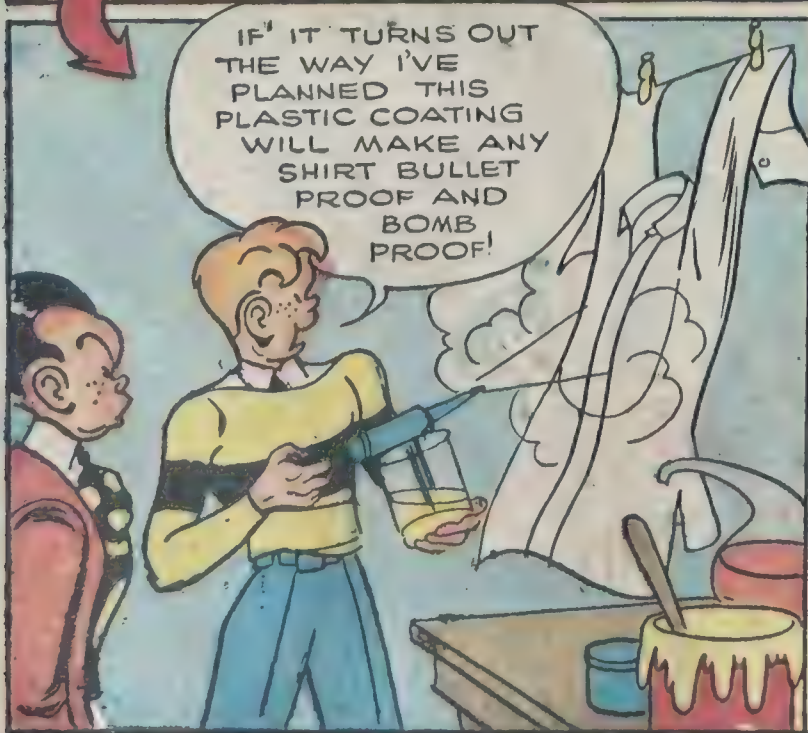
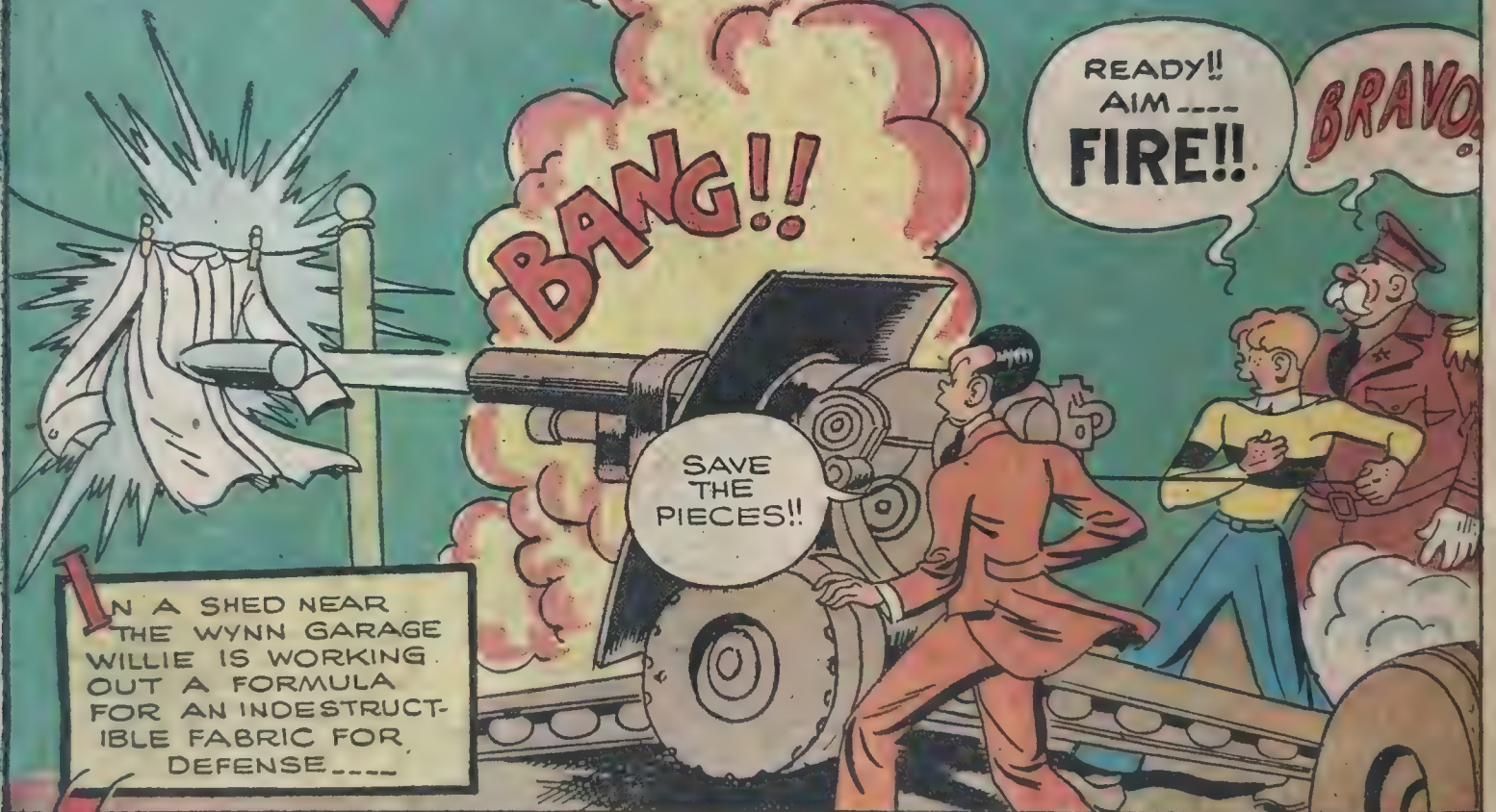
THE MURDERESS CHOOSES
THE EASY WAY OUT...
AND HURTLES TO THE
DEPTHS BELOW!
IT IS THE END OF THE
SHADOW THAT WALKED!

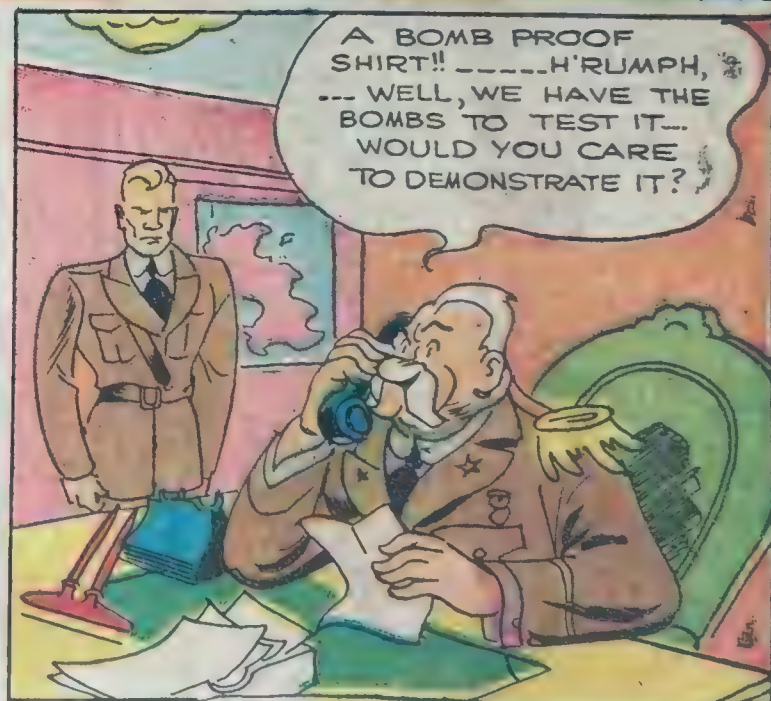
for the
BEST in
THRILLS...

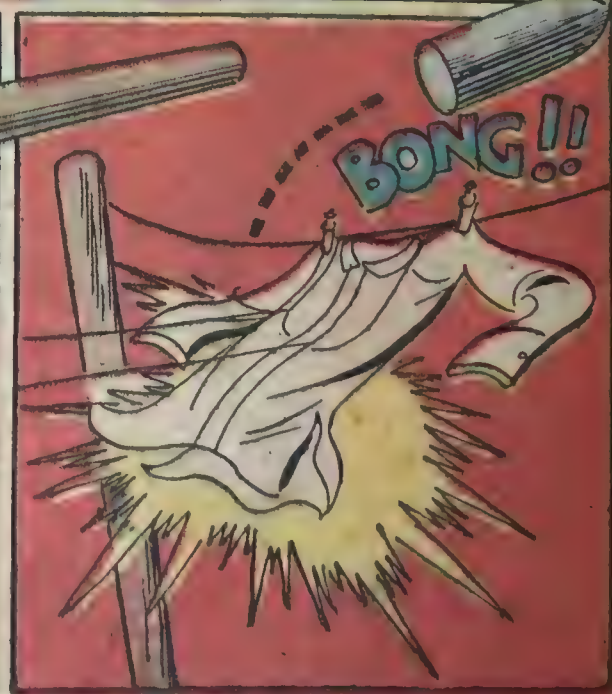
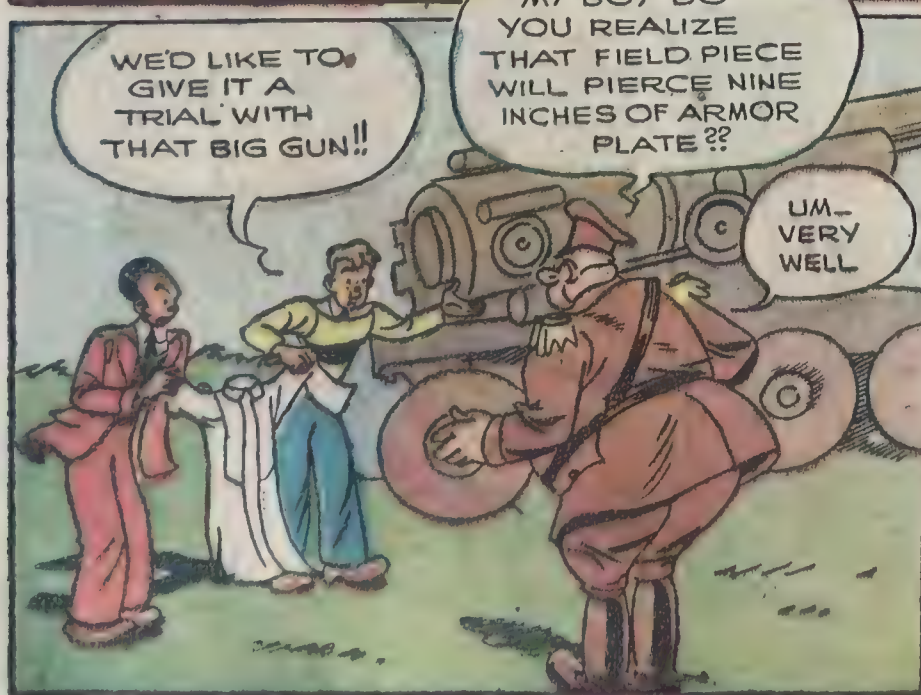
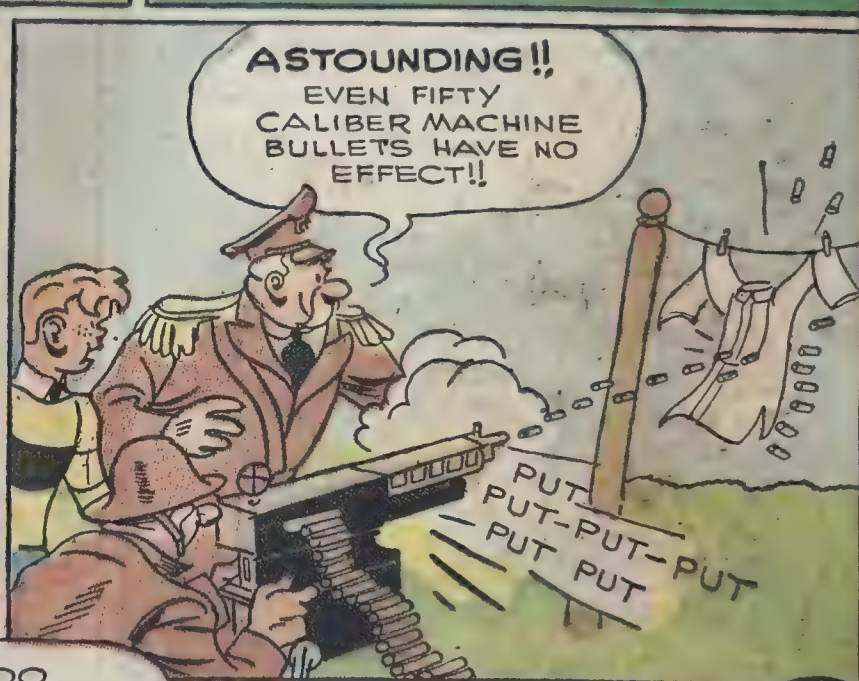
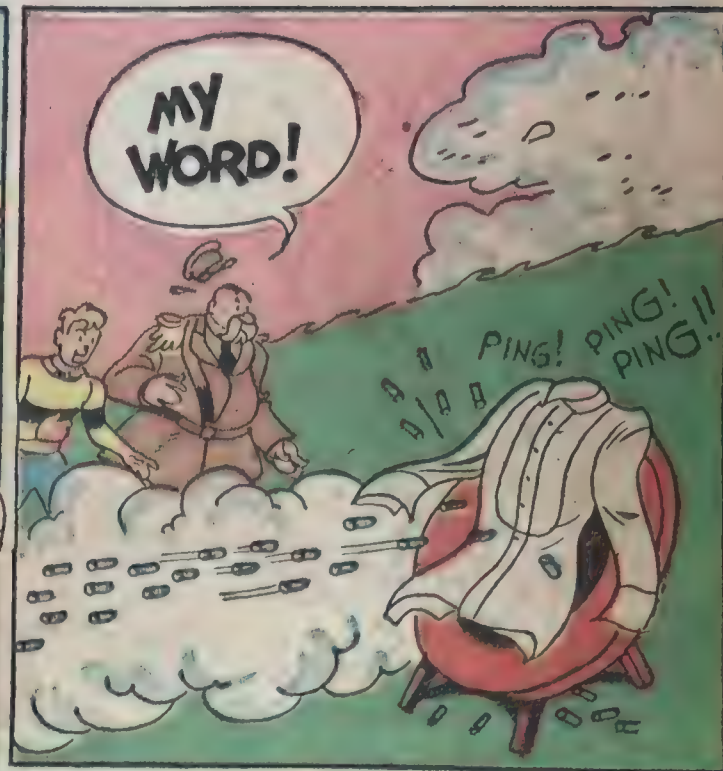
Read **CAPTAIN MARVEL JR.**
EACH MONTH IN **MASTER COMICS!**

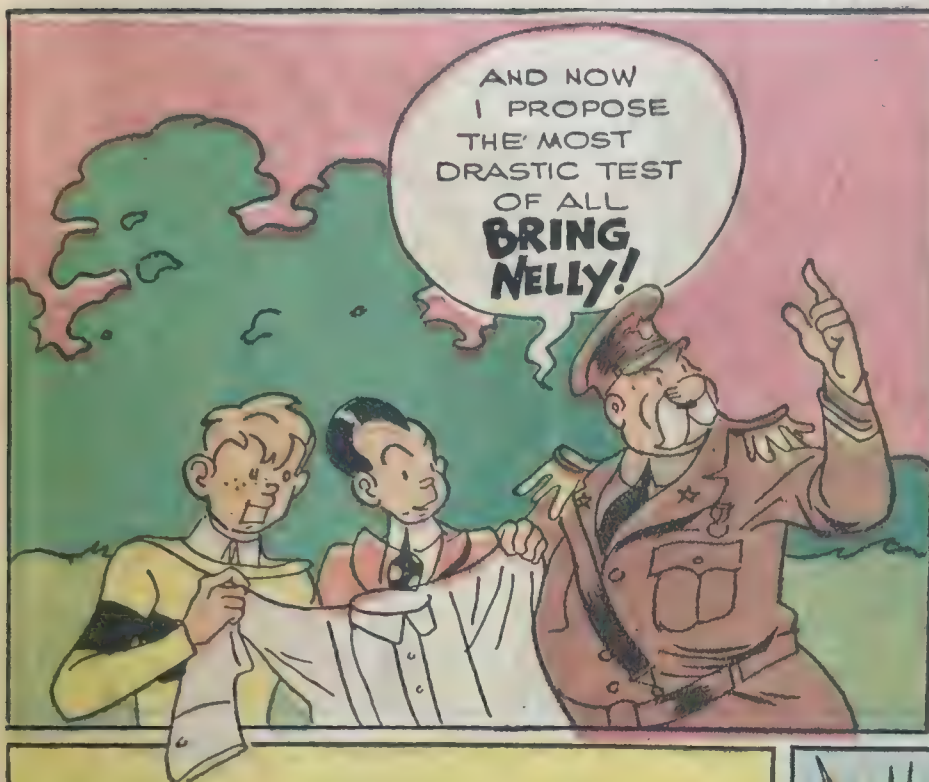
WILLIE WYNN

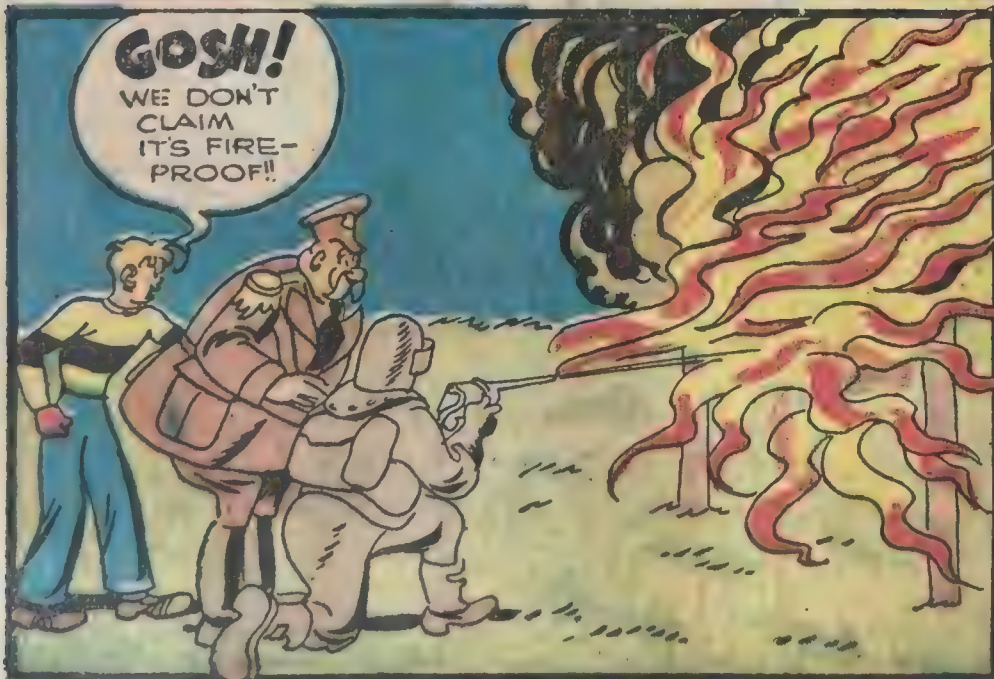
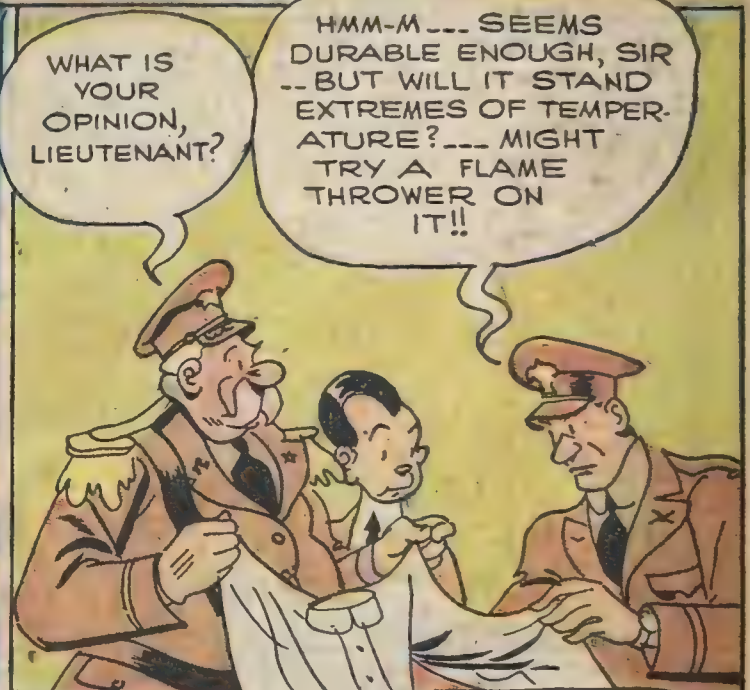
AND THE BOMB PROOF SHIRT!









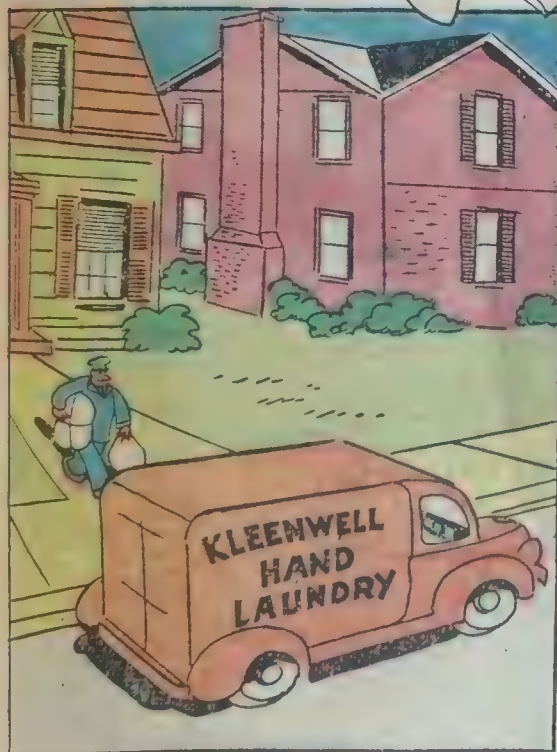
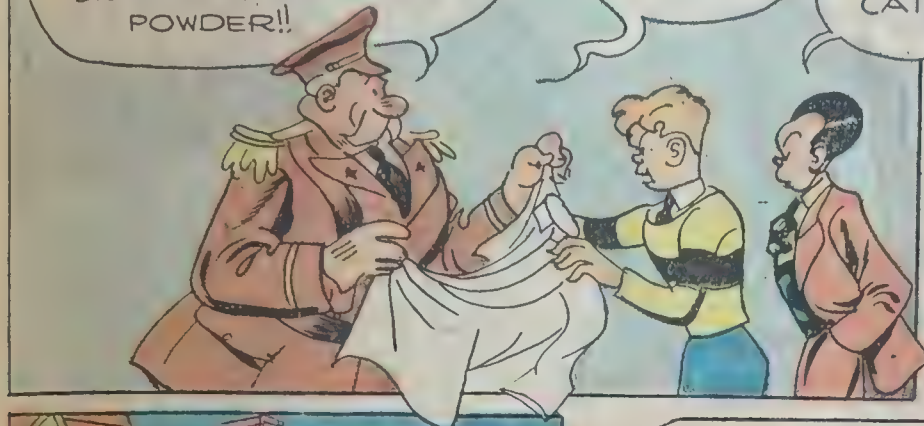


YOUNG MEN MILITARY SCIENCE IS YOUR DEBTOR... THIS INDESTRUCTIBLE SHIRT IS PROBABLY THE GREATEST INVENTION SINCE THE DISCOVERY OF GUN POWDER!!

THE SHIRT IS ONLY SLIGHTLY SOILED BY THOSE GRUELING TESTS!

IT'S THE CATS

I'LL HAVE IT LAUNDERED AND GET IN TOUCH WITH YOU WHEN IT IS RETURNED... THEN WE'LL FORWARD IT TO THE WAR DEPARTMENT!!



THE GENERAL SAYS TO COME RIGHT OVER... THEY'VE RETURNED HIS LAUNDRY!!



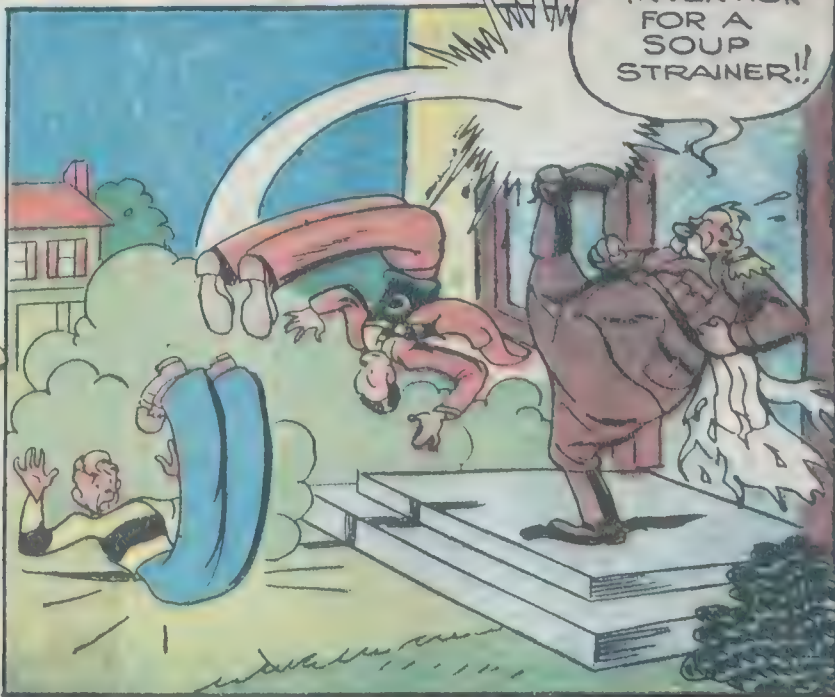
EGAD, THIS IS A PROUD MOMENT FOR ALL OF US, MY LADS! --- NOW LET US VIEW THIS REMARKABLE SHIRT AS IT COMES SHINING AND FRESH FROM THE LAUNDRY!!



IT'S IN *TATTERS!*



SELL YOUR INVENTION FOR A SOUP STRAINER!!



Capt. MARVEL JR.



WHAT WAS THE BLOODY AND TERRIBLE LEAGUE OF BROKEN BONES...WHOSE FIENDISH AGENTS ROAMED THE MIDNIGHT SHADOWS, SNATCHING HELPLESS, CRIPPLES FOR A GRUESOME FATE? NO ONE KNEW UNTIL THE KILLERS MADE THE MISTAKE OF KIDNAPPING CRIPPLED **FREDDY FREEMAN**...WHOSE MYSTIC POWER COULD MAKE HIM THE STRONGEST BOY ON EARTH...

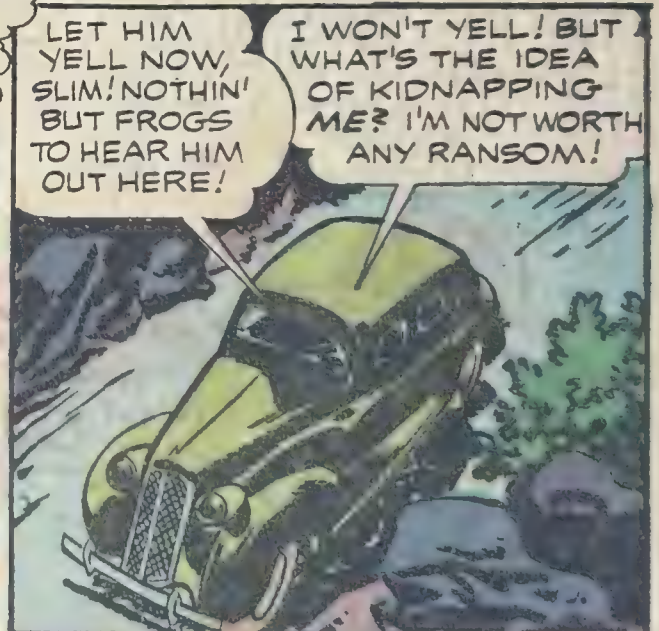
Captain
MARVEL Jr.!

SINISTER HEADLINES IN THE DAILY PAPERS....

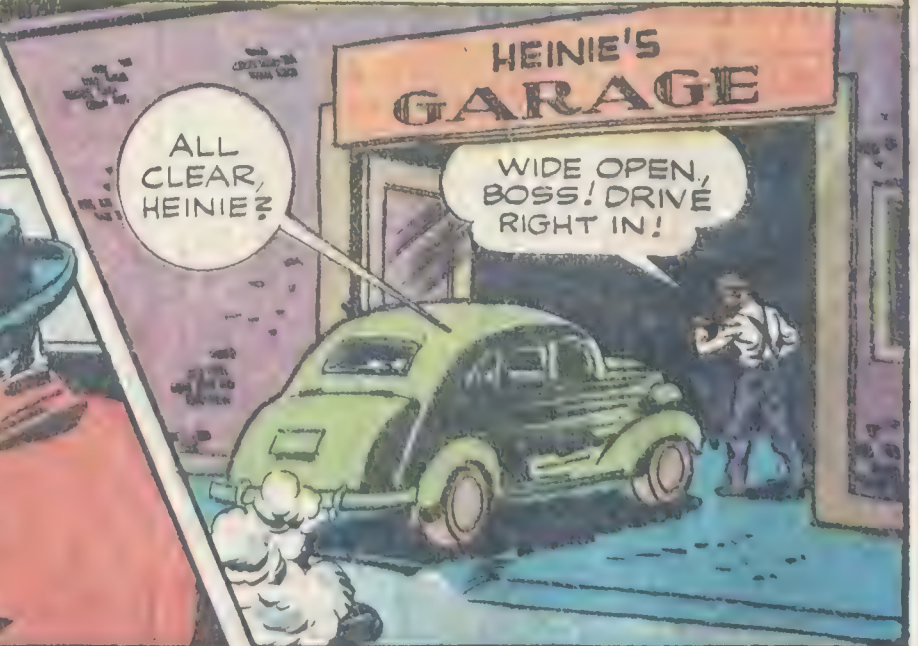


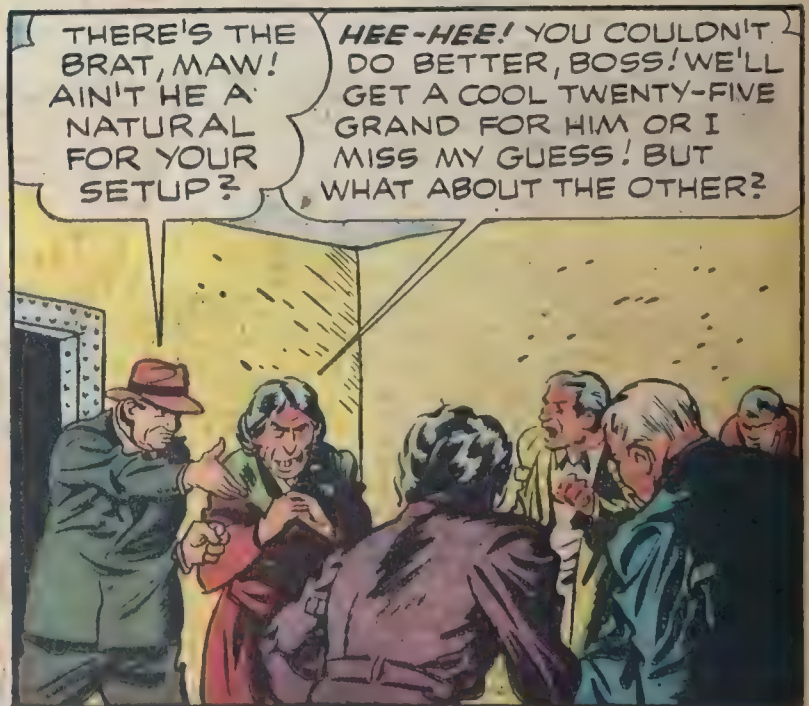
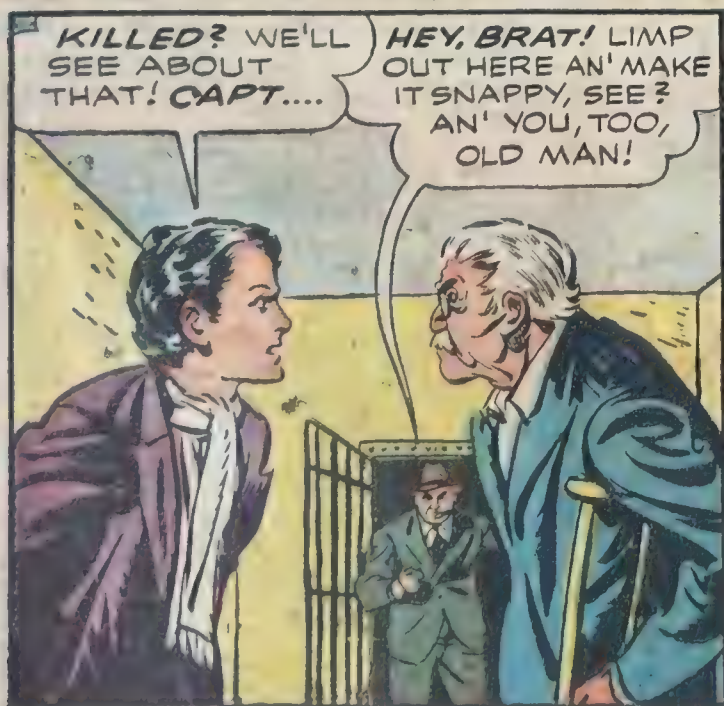
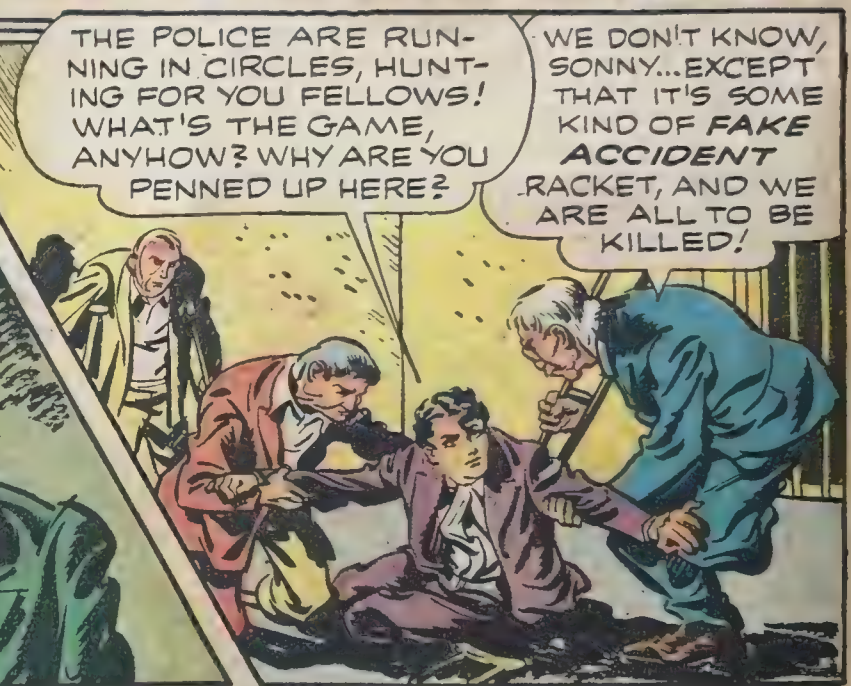
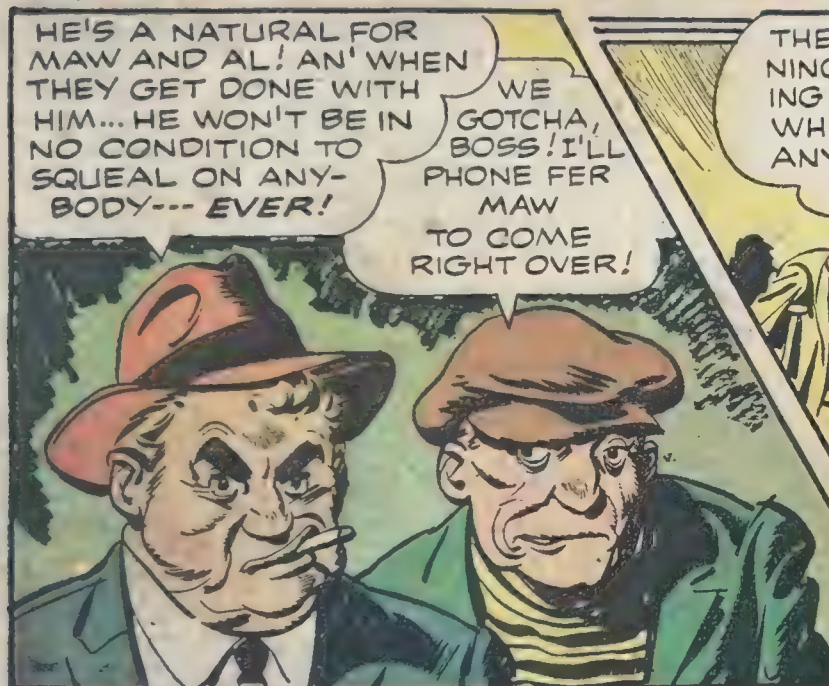
.... AND SINISTER SHADOWS IN THE MIDNIGHT SLUMS ...

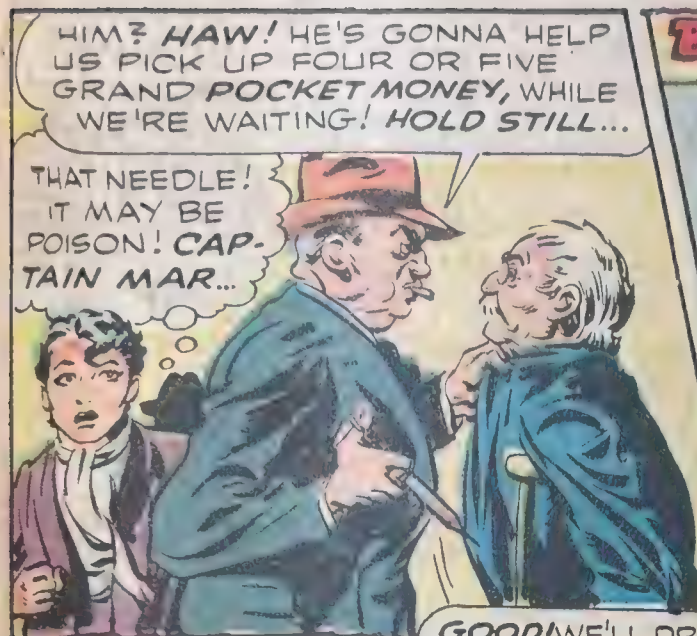




LATER... THE KIDNAP CAR REACHES A DISTANT CITY...







BUT BEFORE FREDDY CAN PRONOUNCE THE WORDS THAT CHANGE HIM TO EARTH'S MIGHTIEST BOY...

HEY! WHATCHA DOIN'?

TAKE THAT!



GOOD! WE'LL DRAG HIM ALONG WHILE WE WORK THIS SETUP!

THE PUNK WAS GETTIN' SET TO MAKE TROUBLE, BOSS.. SO I TAPPED HIM TO SLEEP!



HOLD HIM!

NO... PLEASE! AHHH...

HE WON'T NEED HOLDIN' IN A MINUTE!



IS THE OLD MAN DEAD?

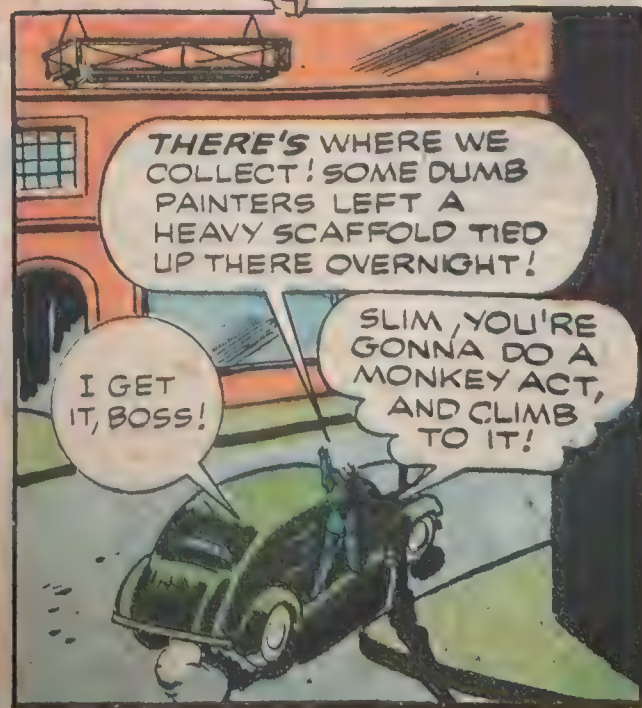
NAW! BUT HE'LL BE SO DOPEY HE WON'T REMEMBER NOTHIN' WHILE WE HANDLE THE PAY-OFF! OKAY, EVERYBODY! **LET'S GO!**



THERE'S WHERE WE COLLECT! SOME DUMB PAINTERS LEFT A HEAVY SCAFFOLD TIED UP THERE OVERNIGHT!

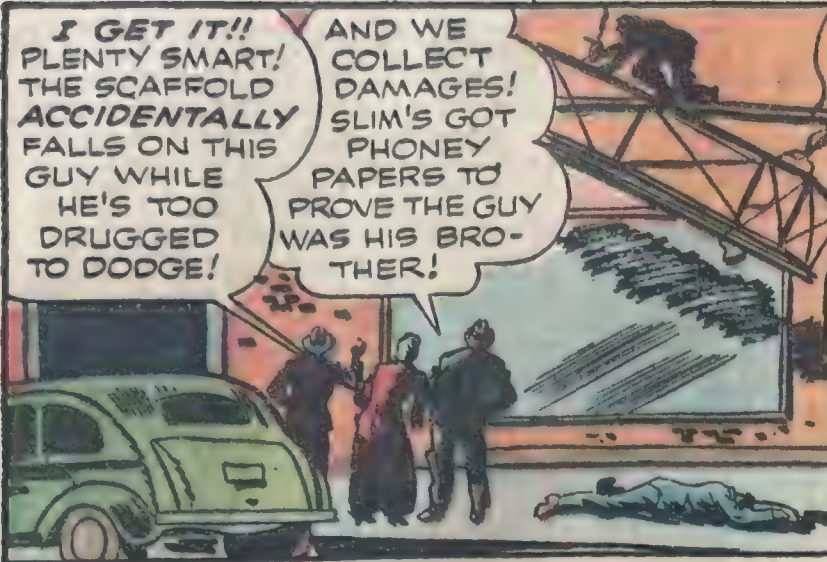
I GET IT, BOSS!

SLIM, YOU'RE GONNA DO A MONKEY ACT, AND CLIMB TO IT!



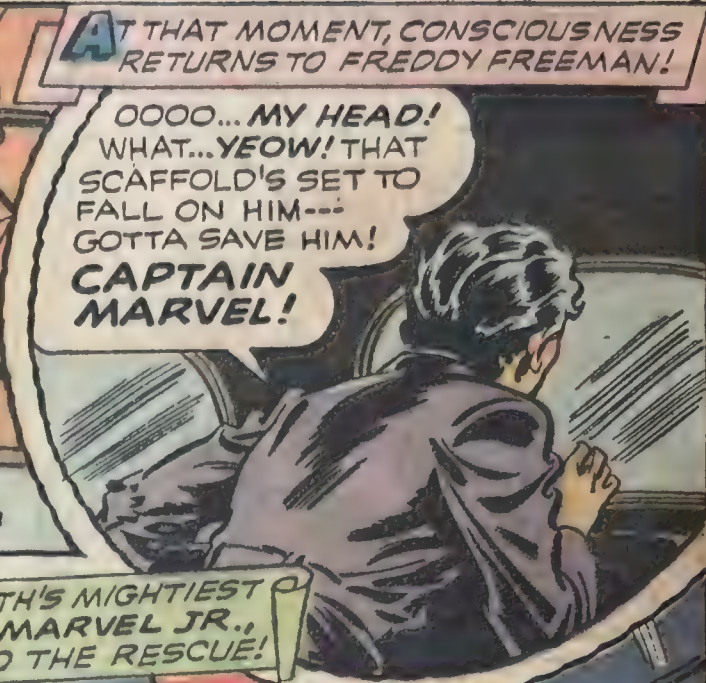
I GET IT!!
PLENTY SMART!
THE SCAFFOLD
ACCIDENTALLY
FALLS ON THIS
GUY WHILE
HE'S TOO
DRUGGED
TO DODGE!

AND WE
COLLECT
DAMAGES!
SLIM'S GOT
PHONE
PAPERS TO
PROVE THE GUY
WAS HIS BRO-
THER!



**AT THAT MOMENT, CONSCIOUSNESS
RETURNS TO FREDDY FREEMAN!**

OOOO... MY HEAD!
WHAT...YEOW! THAT
SCAFFOLD'S SET TO
FALL ON HIM---
GOTTA SAVE HIM!
**CAPTAIN
MARVEL!**



**THE MAGIC NAME OF
CAPTAIN MARVEL BRINGS
THE CRASH OF MAGIC
THUNDER AND LIGHTNING!**

**AND IT'S EARTH'S MIGHTIEST
BOY, CAPTAIN MARVEL JR.,
STREAKING TO THE RESCUE!**



WHA...WHO?
WHERE'D
HE COME
FROM?

**BOY! IN
THE NICK
OF TIME!**

**A MEDDLER!
BLAST HIM
DOWN, YOU
APES! KILL
HIM!!**



**YOU WANTED
DAMAGES...
HAVE SOME
GOOD ONES!**

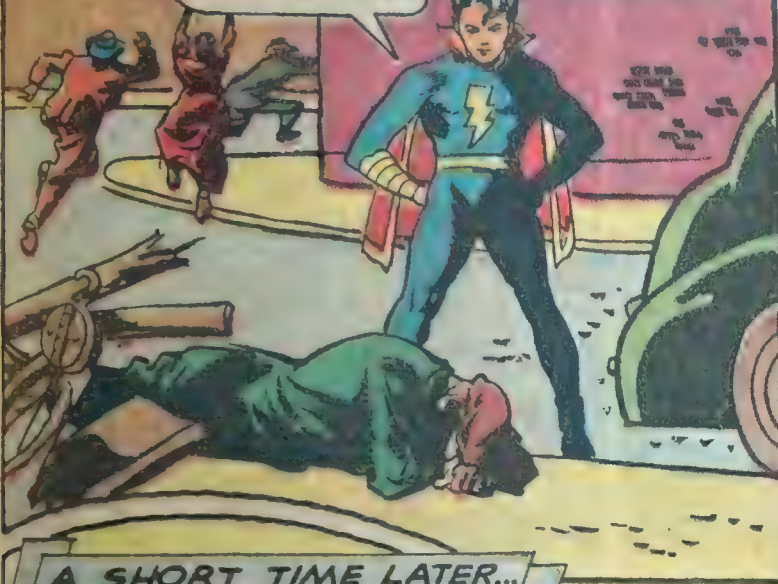
OW!

HELP!

Ug!



I COULD CATCH THE OTHERS... BUT I'VE GOT A BETTER IDEA! I STILL DON'T KNOW THEIR BIG SCHEME...



CAPTAIN MARVEL JR. PUTS ON THE OLD CLOTHES WITHOUT UTTERING THE MAGIC WORDS THAT CHANGE HIM BACK TO FREDDY FREEMAN!



...BUT AS A HELPLESS CRIPPLE, I MIGHT STILL FIND OUT! HOPE NOBODY NOTICES THE CHANGE!

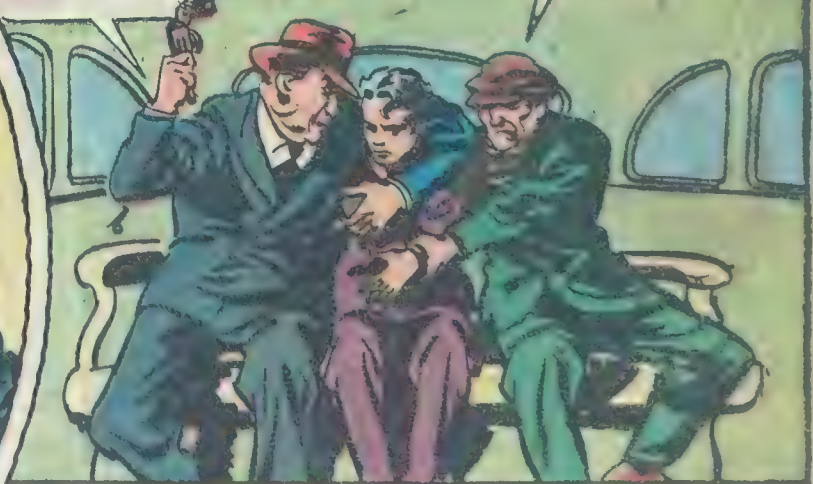
A SHORT TIME LATER...

DO YOU THINK IT'S SAFE TO GO BACK? THAT GUY WAS DYNAMITE!

BUT HE'S GONE NOW! COME ON! WE GOTTA GET THE CAR AND THEM TWO CRIPPLES AWAY BEFORE SOMEBODY GETS WISE!

HEY, THE PUNK'S WAKING UP! I'LL SLUG HIM TO SLEEP AND WE'LL GO THROUGH WITH THE MAIN JOB AS PLANNED! WHAT SAY?

OKAY BY ME! JUST SO THAT RED-AND-BLUE CYCLONE DON'T COME BACK!



HE WON'T SHOW UP AGAIN! **THERE!** NOW WE'LL DRIVE TO MAYOR HORTON'S! HE'S DUE HOME ABOUT NOW!

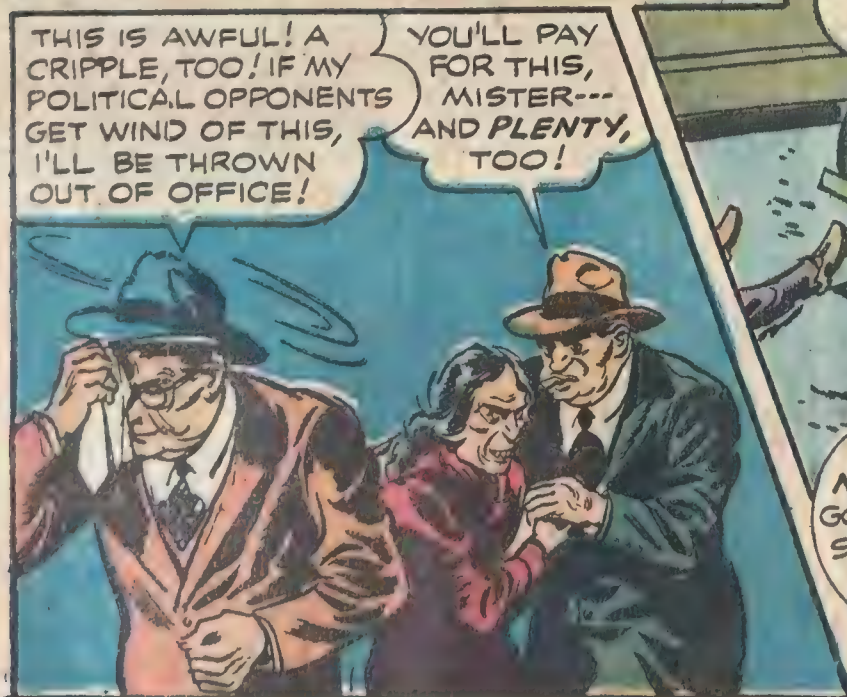
YOU SURE FIXED THE CRIPPLED BRAT, BOSS! YOU SLUGGED HIM HARD ENOUGH TO PARALYZE A HORSE!

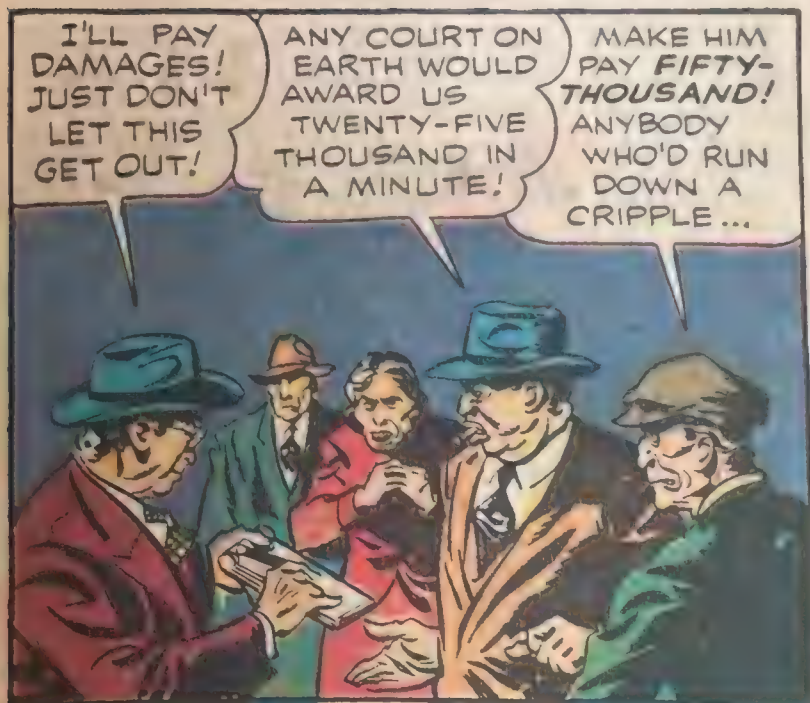


THE BOSS DOESN'T KNOW IT... BUT HIS POWERFUL BLOW IS LIKE A FEATHER TO THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST BOY!

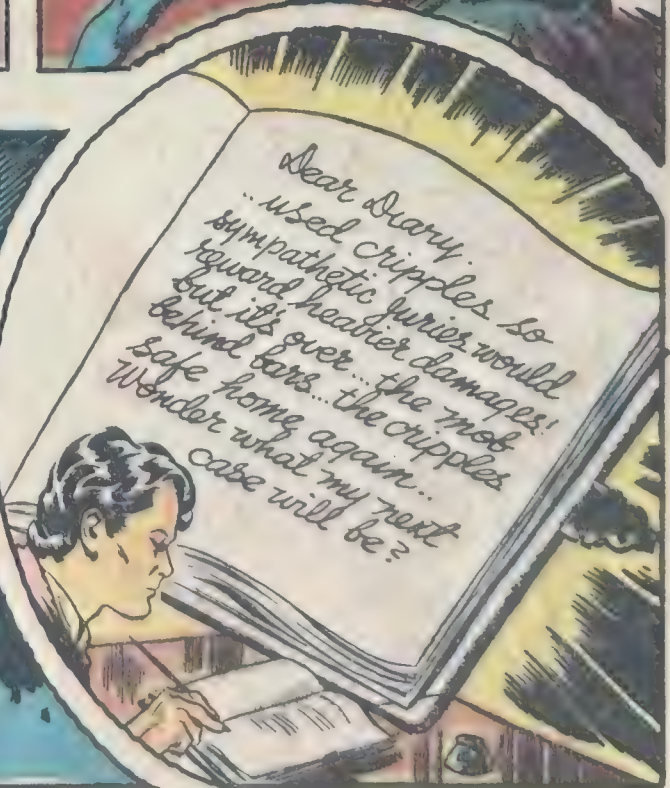
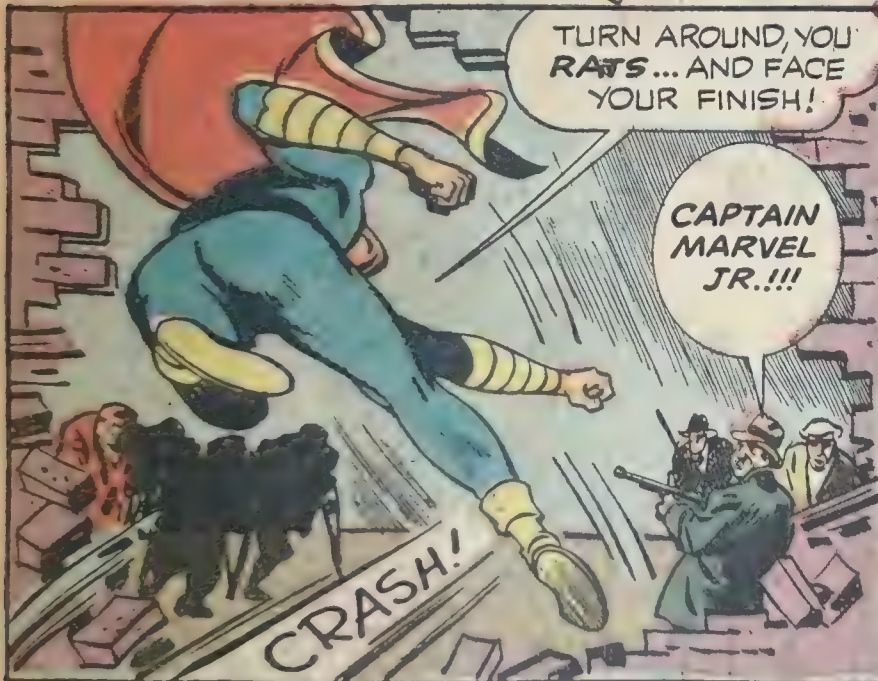
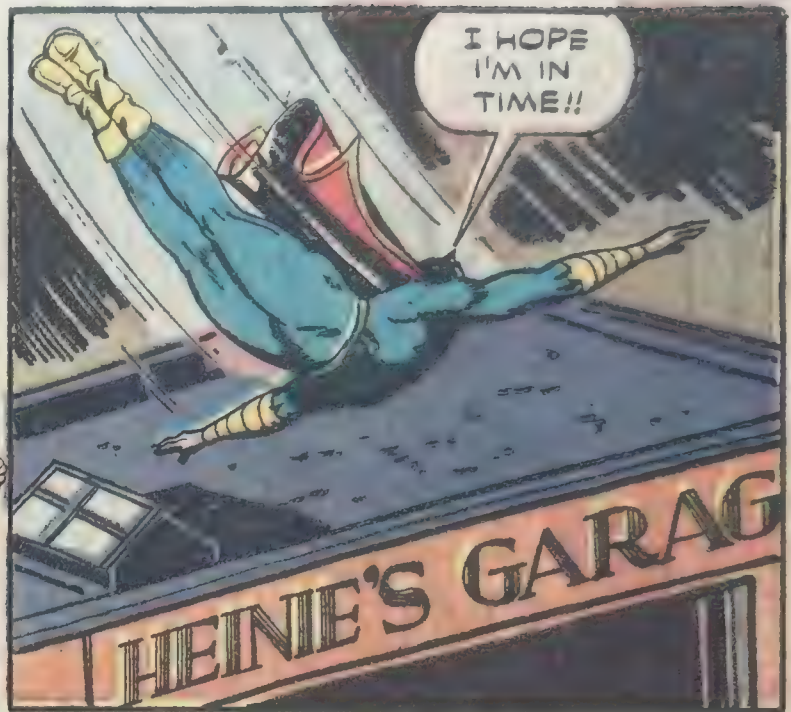
THE MAYOR'S HOUSE, EH? I'M BEGINNING TO SEE THEIR DIRTY SCHEME!

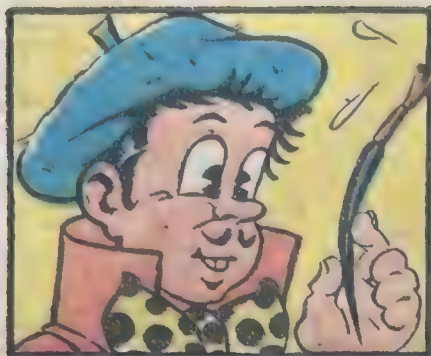




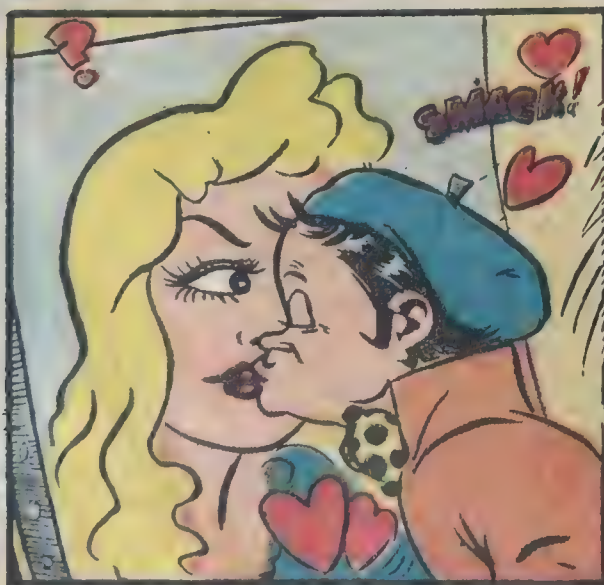
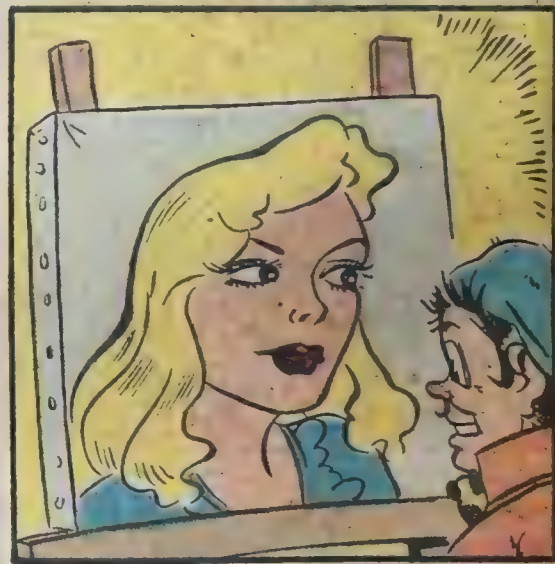
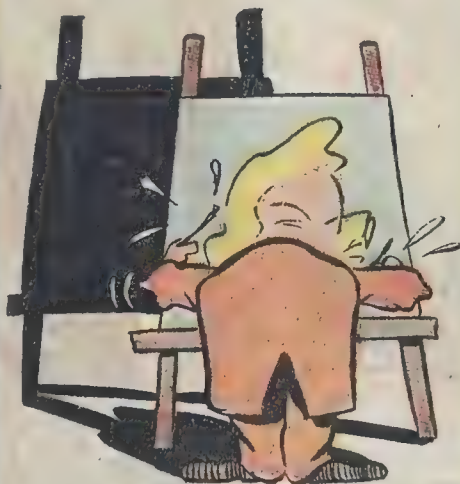








THE MAD ARTIST.



Capt. MARVEL JR.



IT'S EASY FOR **CAPTAIN MARVEL JR.** TO SYMPATHIZE WITH UNFORTUNATES... BECAUSE AS **FREDDY FREEMAN**, THE NEWSBOY, HE'S A CRIPPLE HIMSELF! AND NOT ONLY SYMPATHIZE --- BUT HELP TO THE UTMOST OF HIS ABILITY... FOR THAT'S THE WAY HE IS! YET WE'D LIKE TO BET THAT WHEN **FREDDY** HELPED AN OLD COUPLE TO CROSS THE STREET ONE DAY... HE HAD NO IDEA AT ALL OF THE STARTLING EVENTS THAT WOULD FOLLOW THAT SIMPLE ACT!

CRIPPLED FREDDY FREEMAN OFFERS AID TO AN OLD COUPLE AT A CROSSING...

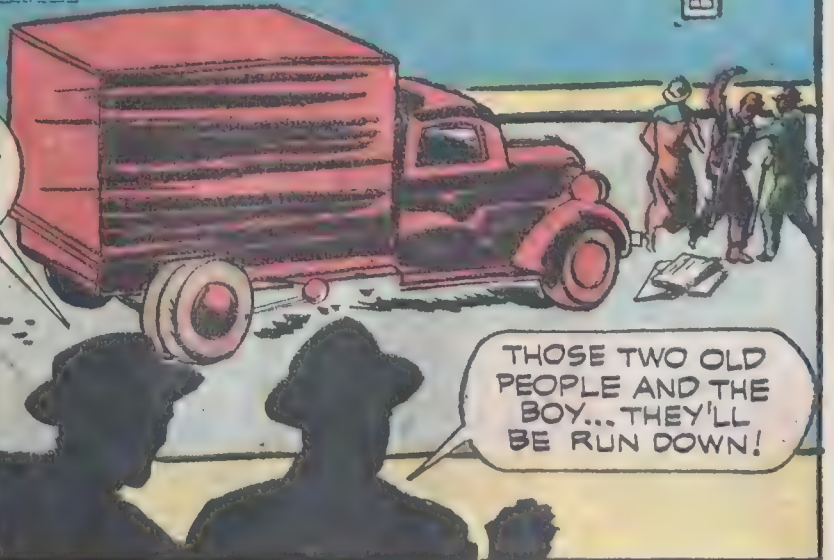
I'LL HELP YOU ACROSS... JUST HOLD MY ARM, MA'AM!

OH, THANK YOU!

...BUT CHANGING LIGHTS CATCH THE TRIO IN THE MIDDLE OF THE STREET!

LOOK!

THOSE TWO OLD PEOPLE AND THE BOY... THEY'LL BE RUN DOWN!



I...I CAN'T
STOP THE
TRUCK! THE
BRAKE'S
STUCK!

WHA--?
**CAPTAIN
MARVEL!**

IN ANSWER TO THE LAST WORDS OF
FREDDY FREEMAN, A BOLT OF
LIGHTNING CRASHES THROUGH
THE AIR!

BAM!

I CAN'T
LOOK! ONLY
A MIRACLE
CAN SAVE
THEM!

LOOK,
A...A MIRACLE
HAS
HAPPENED!

A MIRACLE IN THE FORM OF CAPTAIN MARVEL JR...
A SECOND EDITION OF THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST
MORTAL!

GOODNESS!
WHAT'S THIS?

DON'T WORRY,
MA'AM! YOU'RE
SAFE NOW!

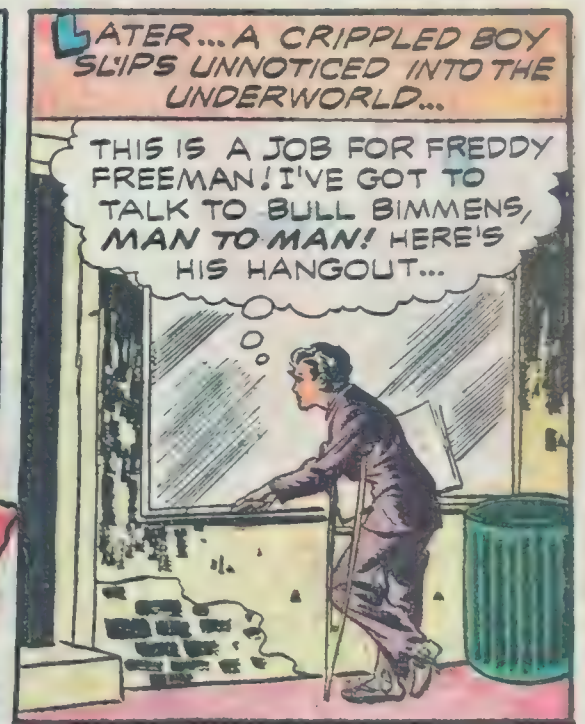
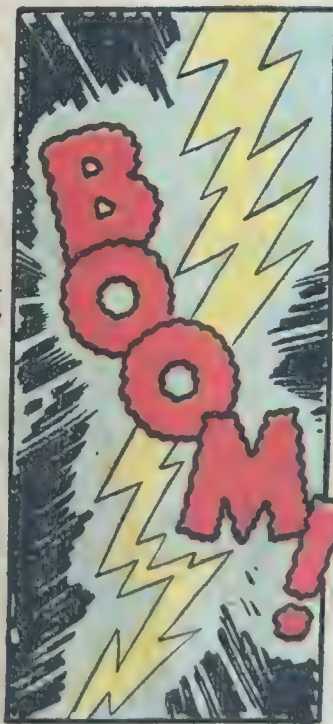
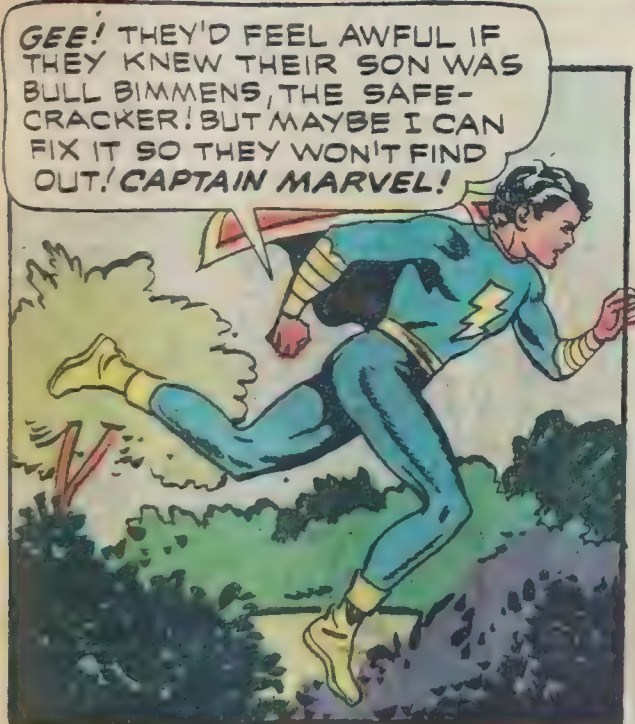
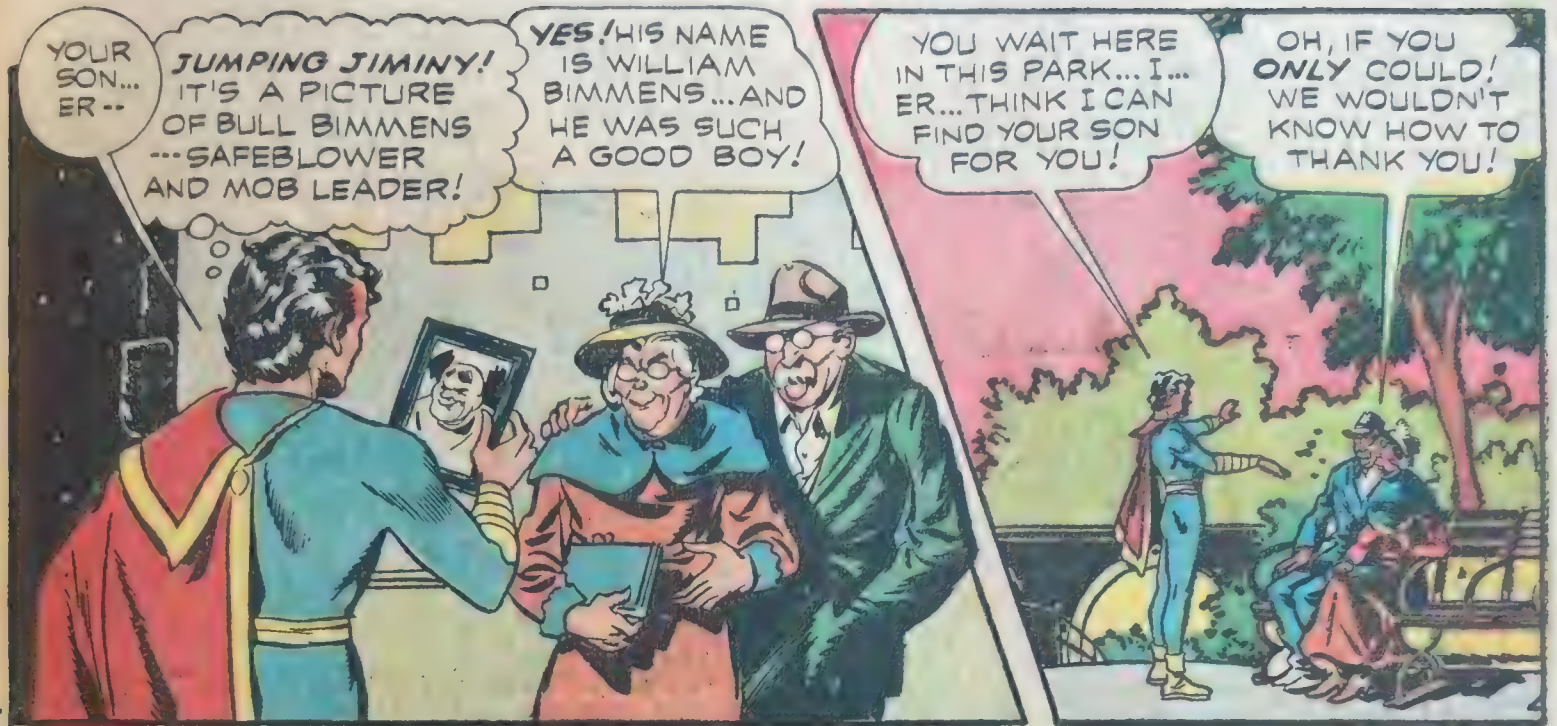
MAYBE THIS LAD
CAN TELL US
THE WAY TO THE
POORHOUSE,
MOTHER!

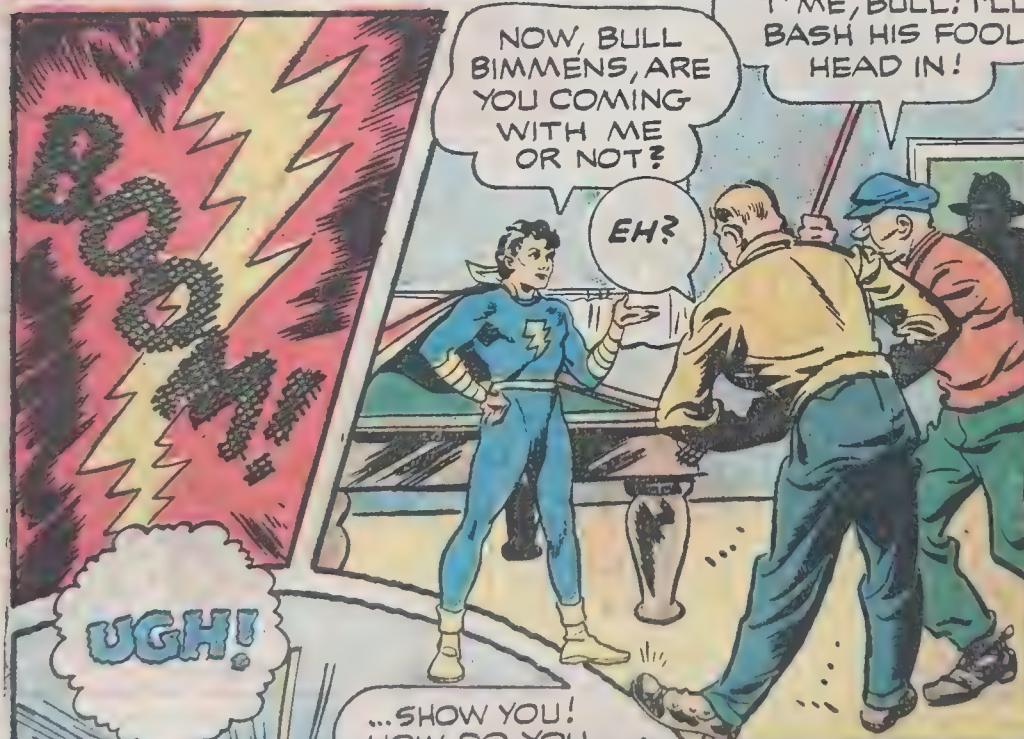
WHOEVER
YOU ARE...
YOU'RE
VERY KIND!

THE
POOR-
HOUSE?

YES... WE'RE
OLD AND POOR,
AND THERE'S
NO PLACE LEFT
FOR US
TO GO!

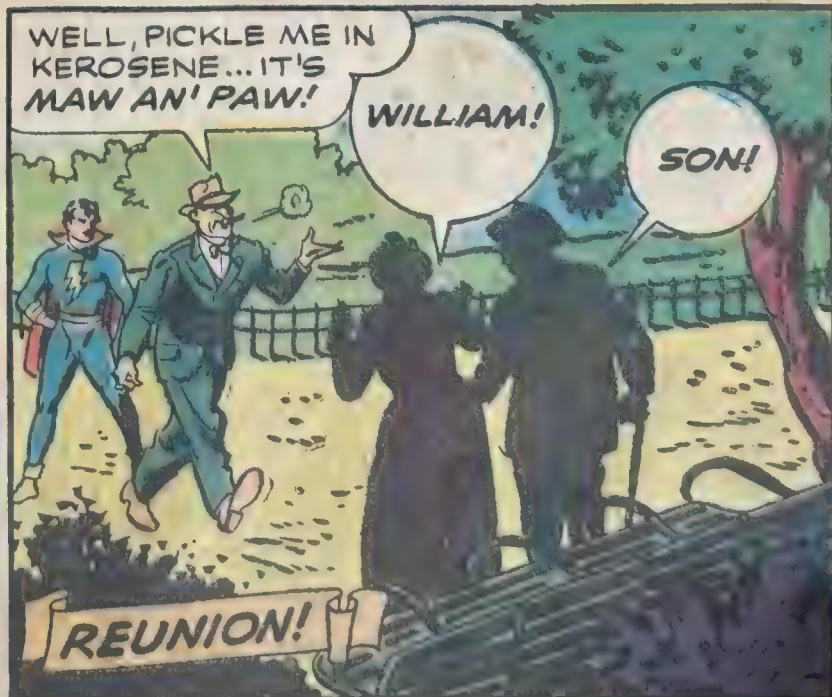
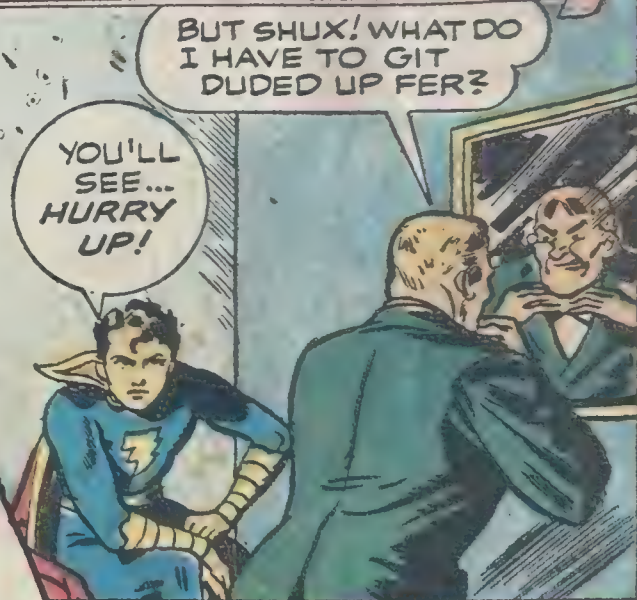
IF WE COULD ONLY
FIND OUR SON, HE'D
HELP US! BUT HE
DISAPPEARED
FROM OUR HOME
TOWN YEARS AGO!
HERE'S A PICTURE
OF HIM!

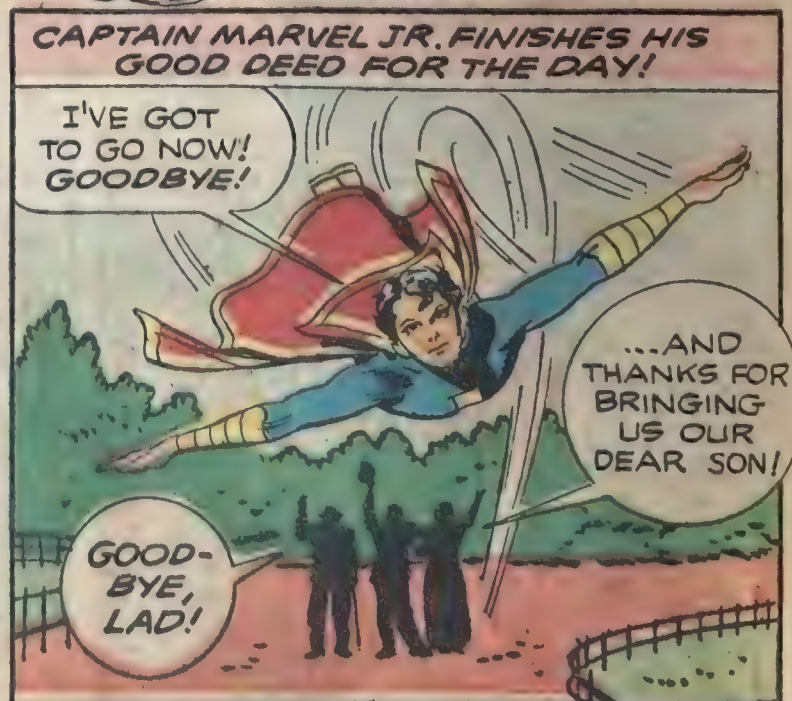
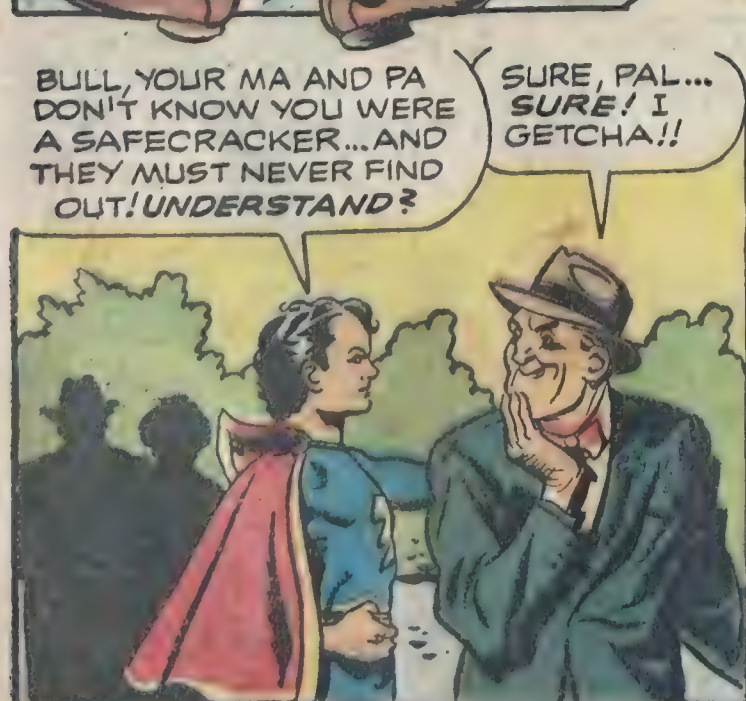
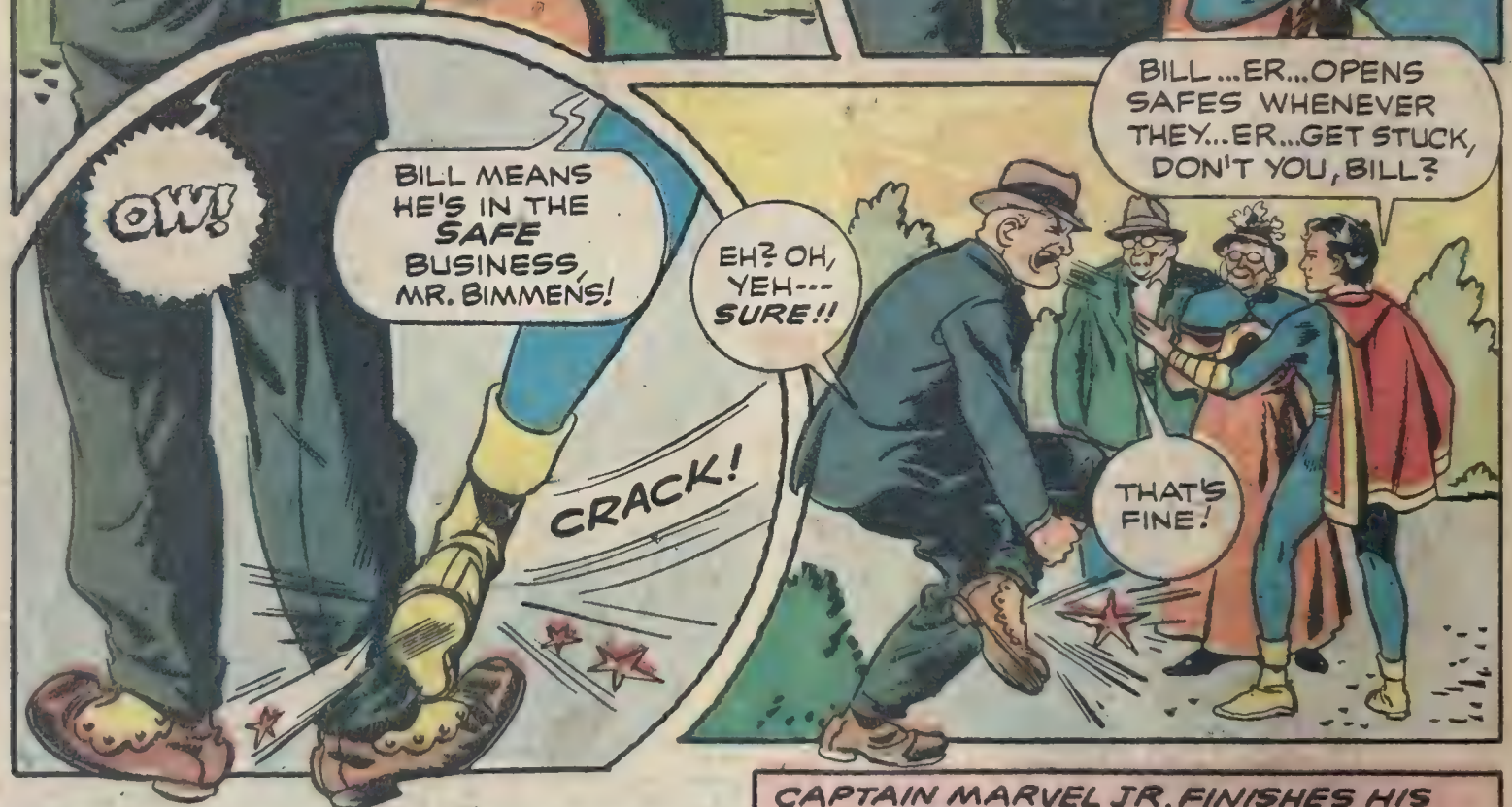
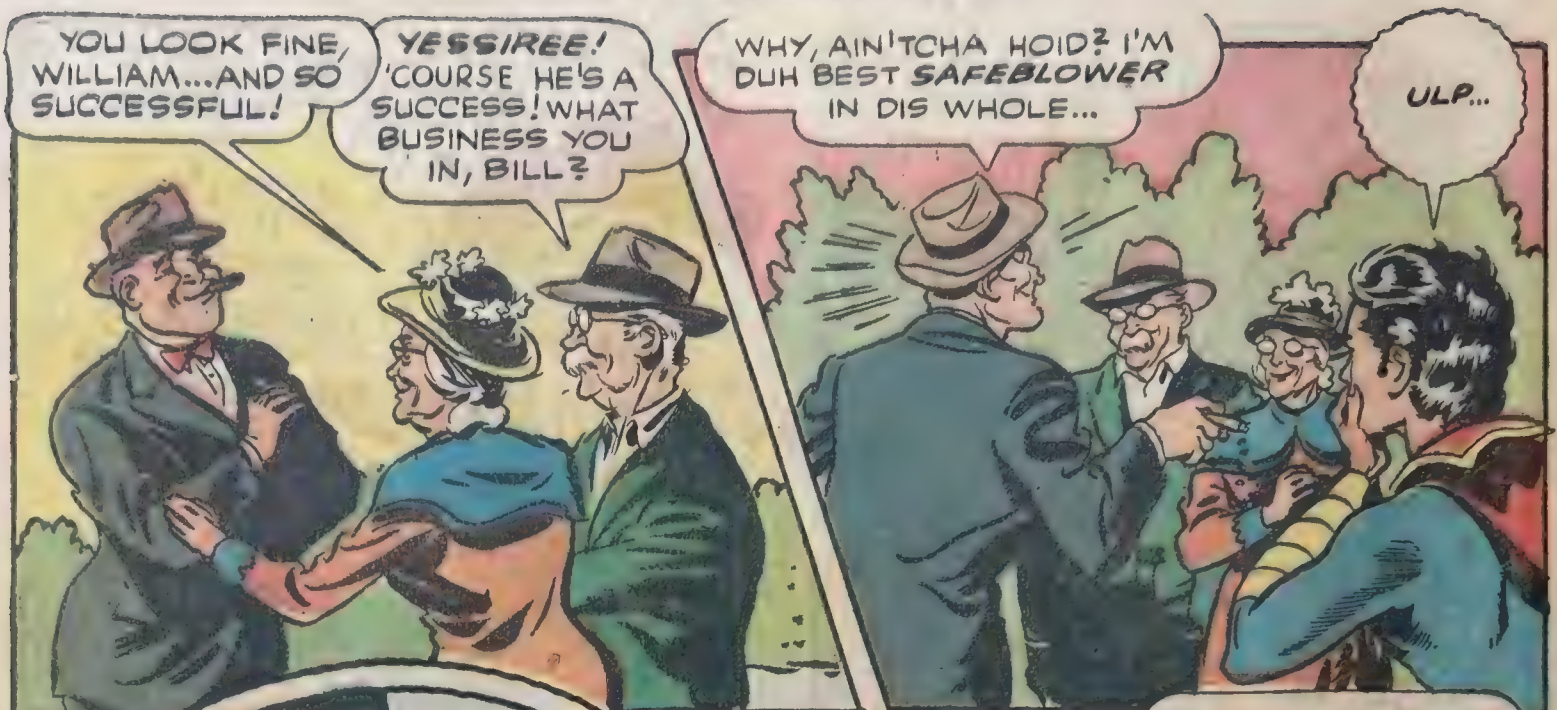


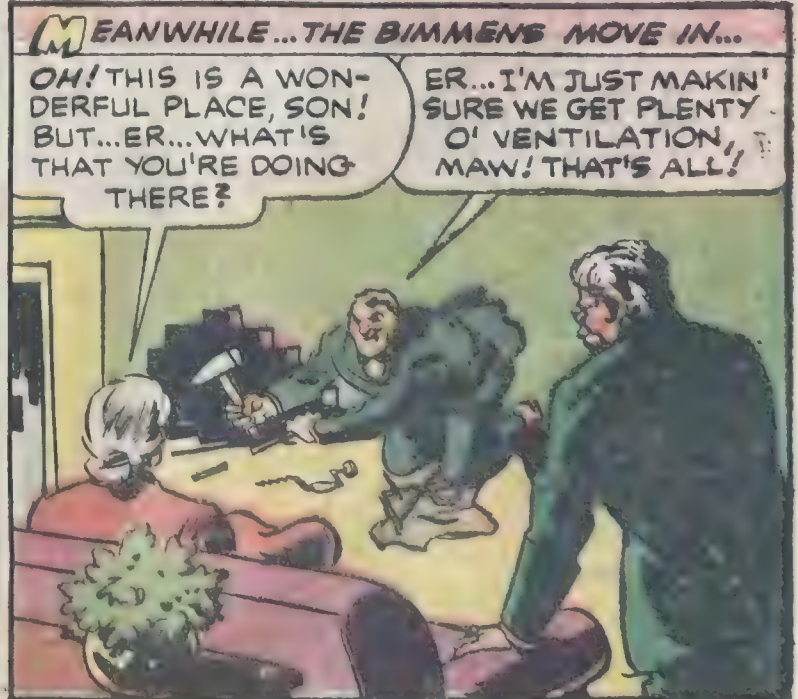
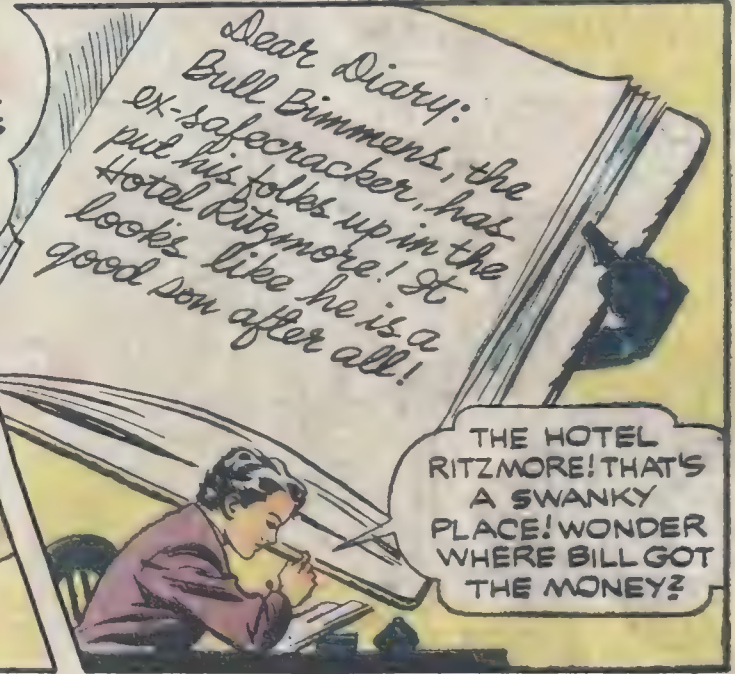
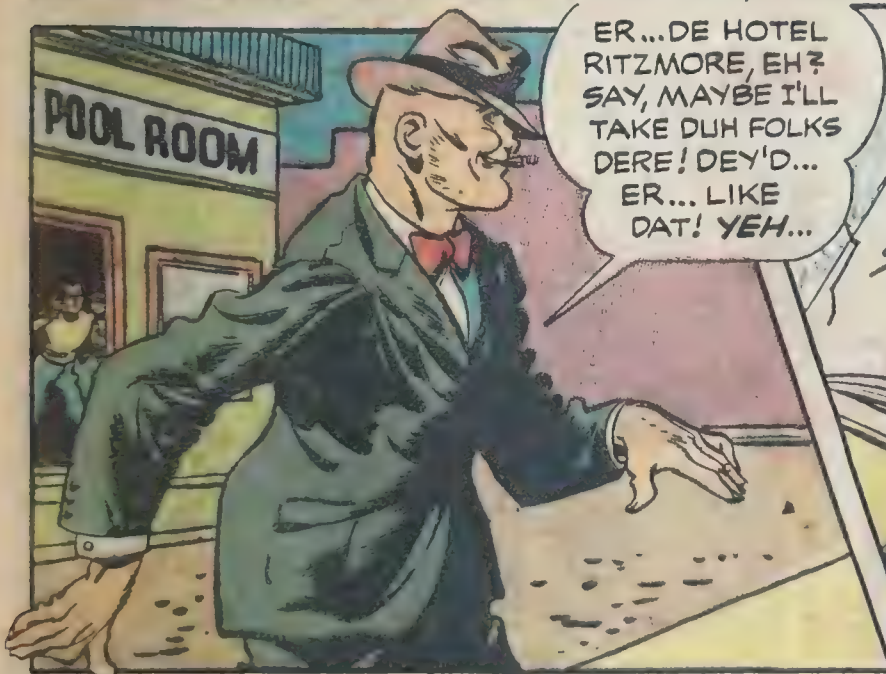
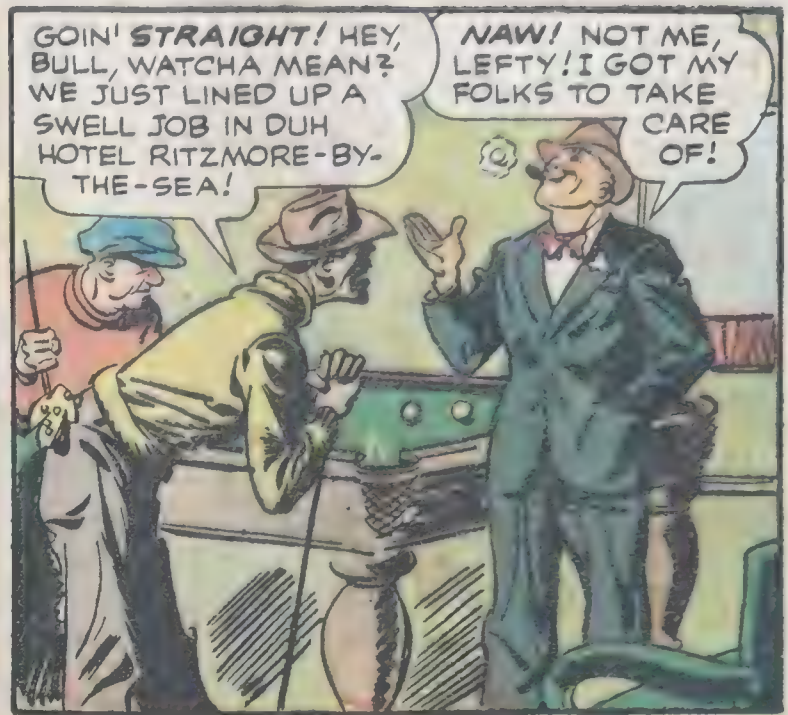




CAPTAIN MARVEL JR. PUTS THE FINAL TOUCHES ON BULL ... PREPARING HIM FOR HIS MA AND PA!







VENTILATION!
BY GUM, WILLIAM,
YOU'RE CLEVER!

AND HE ONLY
THINKS OF OUR
COMFORT!
BLESS HIM!

OOF! DERE IT IS--DUH
HOTEL SAFE! GOSH...
DIS'LL BE AS EASY AS
ROLLIN' OUTA BED!

ER--I'LL JUST TAKE
ENOUGH TO PAY
DUH HOTEL BILL...
AN' A LITTLE
EXTRA---

A TOUGH SAFE!

-- FER SPENDIN'
MONEY! **UGH!**

BONG!

CLICK-CLACK
BEWARE!
CLICK-CLACK

HEY!!!
WHAT'S DIS--
A GAG?
OR AM I
GOIN'
NUTS?

BEWARE!
GUARDED
BY THE ROBOT
WATCHMAN!

HOTEL
RITZMORE

NOBODY KIN HIT BULL
BIMMENS AND GIT
AWAY WIT' IT!!
I'LL SHOW---

BULL MEETS HIS MATCH!

OW!

WHAM!

BIFF!

BOP!

MEANWHILE, BULL'S FORMER GANG ARRIVES!

HERE! DIS ROOM
IS NEXT TO DE
OFFICE!

SHH! GIT INSIDE!
WE'LL GO T'RU DUH
WALL TO DUH SAFE!

DAT'S A PAL
FOR YUH,
LEFTY! LET'S
TAKE CARE
O' HIM!

AIR-CONDITIONIN',
EH? WHY, THE
DOUBLE-
CROSSIN'!.....

HEY! AIN'T
DESE BULL
BIMMENS'
OLD FOLKS?

ER...HELLO!
YOU MUST BE
FRIENDS OF
WILLIAM'S...
COME IN!

BILL IS BUSY!
HE'S FIXING
OUR ROOM
FOR AIR-
CONDITIONING!

THE GANG BLOCKS BULL'S
EXIT...TRAPPING HIM!

OH...YOU'RE PLAYING A
JOKE ON WILLIAM, AREN'T
YOU, MISTER LEFTY?

YEH, LADY!
SOME JOKE!
HAW! HAW!!

NOW WE'RE...UH...
GONNA TAKE YOU
FOLKS FOR
A RIDE! C'MON!

A RIDE! OH,
HOW NICE!
COME, FATHER!

... AND DOWNSTAIRS...

HOTEL RITZMORE

THAT LOOKED
LIKE SOME OF
BULL'S OLD GANG
THAT CAR!
COULD THEY HAVE
REFORMED, TOO?

I'LL JUST WALK
RIGHT IN AND
SURPRISE THEM!



EMPTY! BUT
WHAT'S THAT?

HELP!



THAT'S BULL'S VOICE!
AND COMING FROM
THE NEXT ROOM! HE
MUST BE IN TROUBLE!

**CAPTAIN
MARVEL!!**

HEY!!
HELP!



A DAZZLING FLASH
ANSWERS THE MAGIC
WORDS OF LITTLE
FREDDY FREEMAN
AND TRANSFORMS
HIM---



---INTO THE INDOMITABLE
CAPTAIN MARVEL JR.!

I'M
COMING,
BULL!!

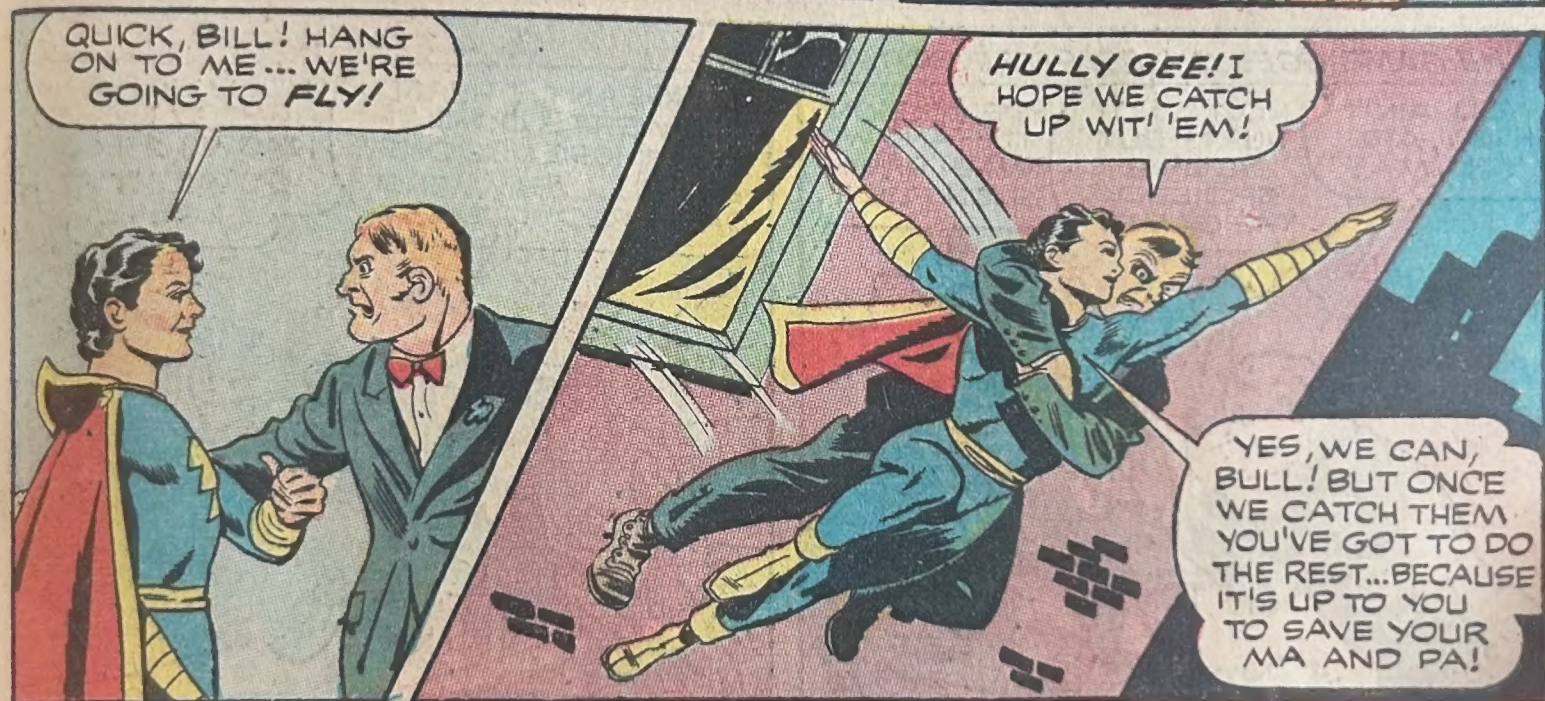
CRASH!

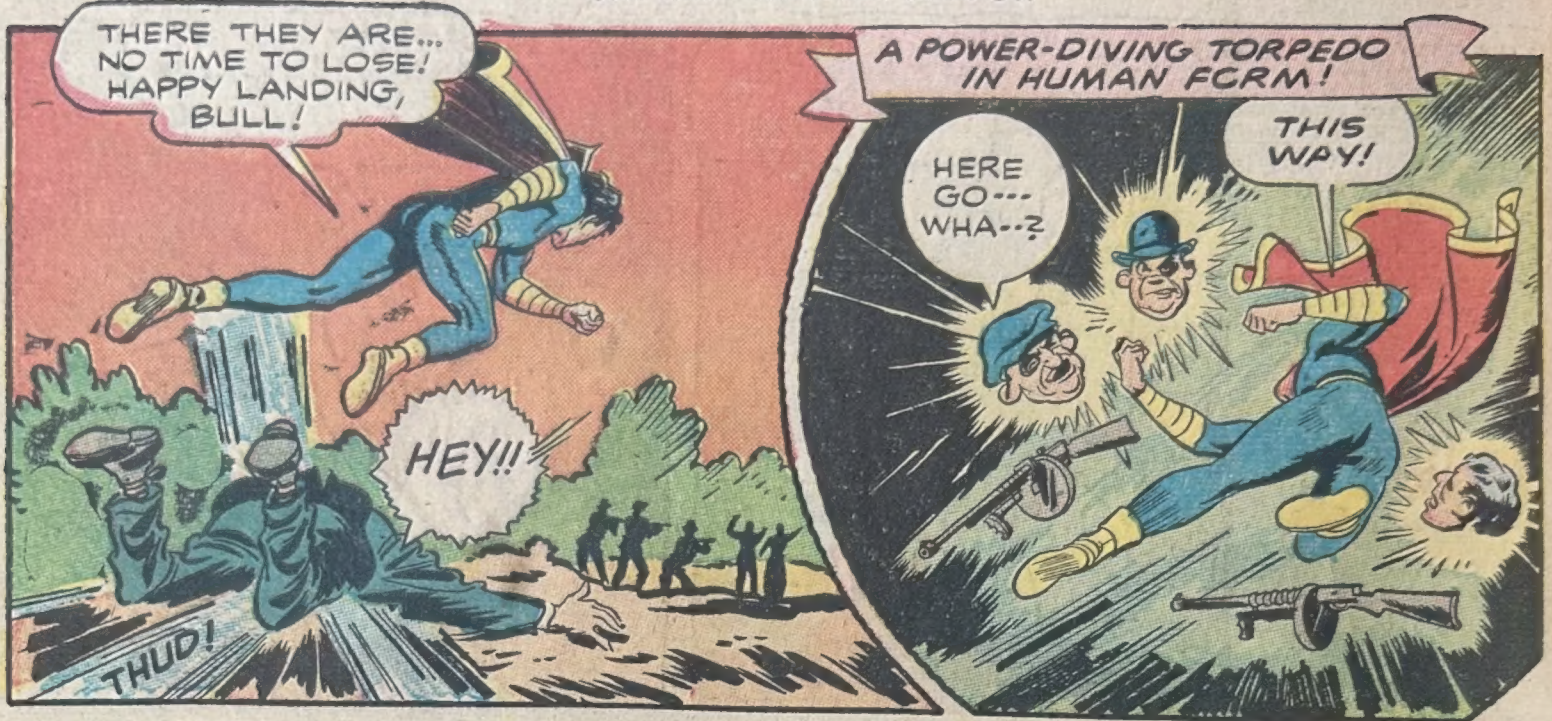


HOLY SMOKE! YOU MEAN
YOU BUSTED THROUGH
THAT WALL WITH
YOUR BARE FIST?

NEVER MIND THAT! WHAT
WAS THE IDEA OF GOING
BACK ON YOUR PROM-
ISE... AND TRYING
TO ROB THE SAFE?



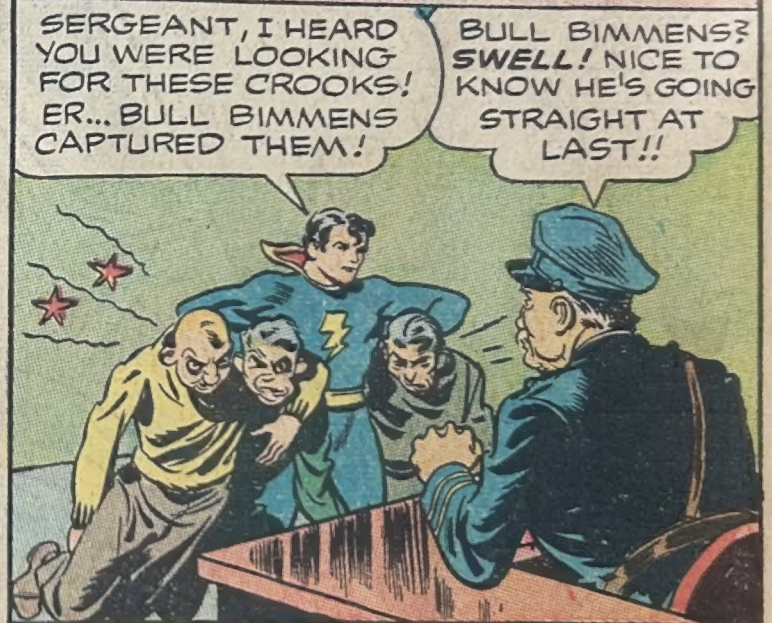




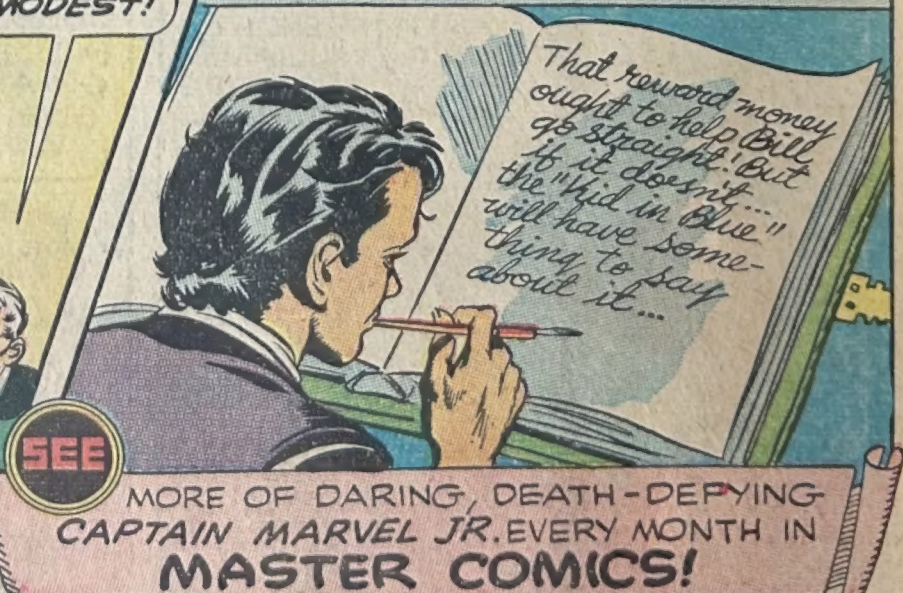
THE GAME GOES ON...DESPITE EVERYTHING.



A LITTLE LATER...



A PREDICTION...BY LITTLE FREDDY FREEMAN---ALIAS CAPTAIN MARVEL JR.!



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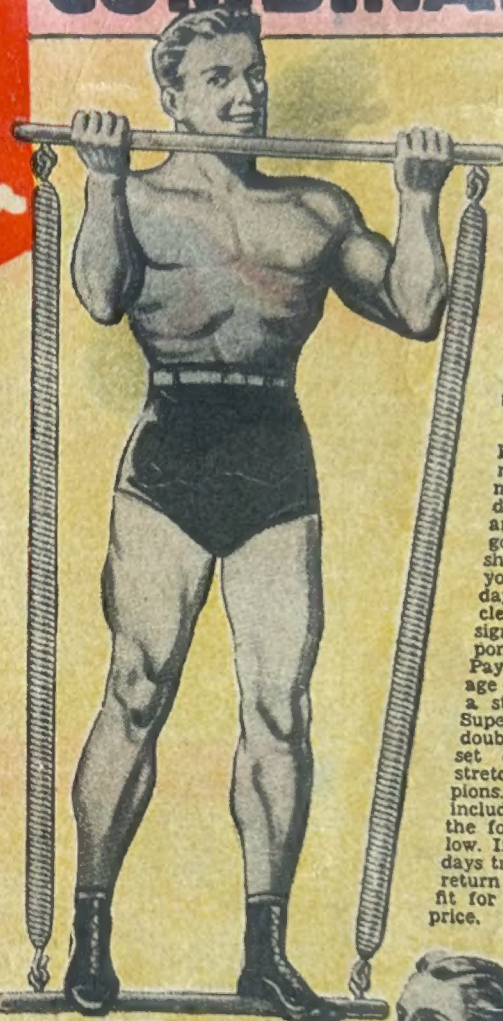
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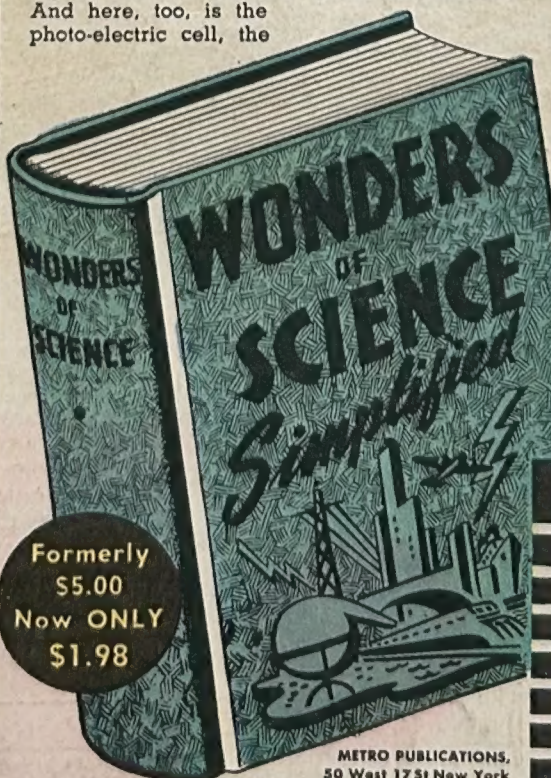
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